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The image shows the front cover of a book. The spine is a solid, dark red color. The main part of the cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern. This pattern consists of large, irregular, light blue-grey spots or 'stones' that are separated by a network of fine, dark brown or black lines. The overall effect is a classic, organic marbled design. In the top left corner, there is a small, rectangular, cream-colored label with a thin red border. It contains the handwritten numbers '823' on the top line and 'H423' on the bottom line. Below this label, on the red spine, is another small, rectangular, cream-colored label with a thin red border, containing the handwritten letters 'En'.

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## THE HERMIT of the CAVE.

*London, Published Dec<sup>r</sup> 1843*

THE  
**HERMIT OF THE CAVE;**

OR THE

*ROYAL SHEPHERDESS.*

AND

**ALFRED AND ZARA,**

A PATHETIC TALE.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

DEAN AND MUNDAY, 35, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

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*Price Six-pence.*

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IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

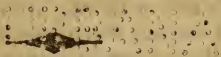
IN SENATE

January 1, 1880

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

THE  
HERMIT OF THE CAVE.



COVERED with the skin of a lion, his face tanned with the heat of the sun, his hair long, and flowing wildly over his shoulders, from which hung a quiver filled with arrows, a large club in his hand, and a poignard in his belt, a man of a majestic form descended from the mountains of Armenia. After casting his eyes towards heaven, he threw himself on the enamelled ground, and taking a picture from his bosom, he pressed it tenderly to his lips, and sighing deeply, addressed the picture in the following words, which were interrupted by sighs and tears.

“Ah, beloved Policena, whom I am doomed to behold no more! how little did I think, some years ago, that this little picture would be one day my only consolation. Alas! what cannot adverse fate do, when joined to envy and hatred? Beloved of my soul, who could have thought when I resided at court, possessed of a brilliant fortune, and adorned by a sumptuous vest embroidered by thy fair hand, that I should be forsaken, and forced to take refuge upon a bleak mountain, with no other covering than the skins of wild beasts, and to sleep in a lion’s cave? And yet, God knows, that neither these hardships, nor the dangers or fatigue to which I am exposed in order to support my miserable existence, nor the horrors of this solitude, give me a moment’s uneasiness. No! nothing but the fear that thou shouldest forget the unhappy Gesimonde, can draw a tear from these sad eyes. During twelve years of absence, thy image has never for an instant, been absent from my imagination. Unfortunate as I am, has thy constancy equalled mine? Ah, I fear some happy rival has replaced me in thy affection. Perhaps even now he possesses those charms for which I still continue to sigh. Oh God! avert from me these distracting thoughts, or put an end to my agonized existence.”

Gesimonde was at that instant interrupted by the sight of a young shepherdess, who was crossing a narrow path among the rocks, which was edged on each side by a row of poplars, and speaking to herself with the utmost agitation. Astonished at the soft melody of her voice, he called to her:—At the sight of Gesimonde, the timid shepherdess fled with the utmost precipitation, nor did she stop till she was overpowered by fatigue. Gesimonde, who had followed her at a short distance, now came up to her, and found her panting for breath; he felt extremely distressed at having caused her so much terror. He took her in his arms, and carried her to his cave, where he gave her some water to drink, which brought her to herself: he then presented her some wild honey and dried fruits. “Cease to fear me!” said he, with the gentlest tone of voice, “although my dress and appearance are uncouth, my heart is tender and humane; and were I the most ferocious of men, your youth and beauty would preserve you from harm; you are as free in my miserable habitation as in the fields. I will not ask you to remain with me; your presence would render my solitude too pleasing: yet if you should feel no repugnance to soften my griefs in participating in them, I will use every endeavour that the most sincere friendship can dictate, to enliven this gloomy solitude.”

Tranquillized by his words, the young and lovely shepherdess, whose name was Ismena, informed him, that she had fled from her father's house to avoid marrying a shepherd, whom she detested. “I consent,” she said, “to pass my days with you; your humanity and gentleness have inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, which will bind me to you by the purest ties of friendship.” She then requested him to lighten his griefs, by suffering her to participate in them, if the recital were not too painful to him. Gesimonde, with his eyes bathed in tears, complied with her request, and began his story as follows:

“I am natural son to Policarp, king of Albania. This prince, who doated upon Clarinda, indulged himself in his tender attachment for that beauteous Armenian; when, for the good of his subjects, he was obliged to share his crown with Rosimonda. This princess gave birth to a son, on the same day that Clarinda brought me into the world. Flaminus my brother, legitimate heir to the

crown, was beloved by my father, who seemed to behold me with horror. My mother also treated me with cold indifference, and the queen, from whom I had no reason to expect kindness, was the only person that evinced any good will towards me. My brother and I were already advancing towards manhood, and the people took every opportunity of evincing their attachment to me, and their dislike to my brother; who possessed none of the qualities requisite for one who was to become their sovereign. Sahur, who was related to the royal family, and much beloved by the king, had a daughter named Policena, with whom my brother and I, had been bred from our tenderest years; I will not attempt to describe her beauty, it is sufficient to say that she was the brightest ornament of my father's court.

“The inclination which from my childhood I felt for the beauteous maid, increased with my years; but as I did not move in all the pomp and grandeur, which ever attended Flaminius as heir to the crown, I feared that her young heart would be dazzled by his greatness, and she would prefer him to me, for he was also her admirer. Policena however soon tranquillized my mind, and made me the happiest of mankind; she treated Flaminius with disdain, and returned my affection. We were privately married by means of her confessor, who was greatly attached to us both, and undertook to perform the ceremony; which was done during the night in the apartment of Policena, who had entrusted one of her women with the secret of our loves. I was the happiest of men, and forgot in the arms of my beloved Policena, the grief which I felt at the aversion my father and mother manifested towards me.

“At length, Flaminius demanded Policena in marriage of her father; and the ambitious Sahur, bade his daughter henceforth to avoid my presence, which was now more necessary to her than ever, for my beloved Policena was on the point of presenting to her doating Gesimonde a pledge of our mutual affection. She was obliged to use the utmost caution to conceal her situation. I did not dare to intrust the secret to her women, as I knew that most of them were bribed by Flaminius, and that the least indiscretion would endanger the life of the object dearest to me in the universe. We were in continual fear of a discovery, when one night Policena was attacked

by the pains of childbirth so violently, that she was certain the critical moment was near at hand. She quitted the palace, and went out by the door which led into the gardens, with the intention of taking refuge at the house of one of my friends, to whom I had entrusted our secret; but she had scarcely proceeded half her journey, when her pains became so violent, that she was obliged to rest herself under the portico of a temple, where she was in a few moments delivered of a female child, whose piteous cries reached the ears of two men who were walking in the environs. Policena disguised her voice as much as possible, entreated the strangers to take charge of the innocent babe, and deliver it into the hands of Gesimonde, son of the king; assuring them at the same time, that they would be magnificently rewarded. She then returned to the palace privately, by the same way she had quitted it, and kept her bed for some time under the pretext of an indisposition.

“Flaminius was unfortunately one of those, to whom she had entrusted her babe! The darkness of the night had however, prevented him from knowing the mother of the child, which had so singularly been delivered to him, He wished very much to know who she was, and made various enquiries, when unfortunately, he learned Policena's indisposition. This sudden illness, and the resemblance which he fancied he could discover in the infant, persuaded him that Policena was its mother, and I its father; and in a fit of jealous rage, he condemned my innocent child to die under the poignard of an assassin, and afterwards to be brought to me.—Imagine my agony! my despair! when I beheld the horrible spectacle! The monster came himself to tell me that I had yet witnessed but half of his just vengeance, that it was his intention immediately to prevail upon the king his father, to revenge the indignity offered to the heir apparent, by the death of Policena. “Barbarian!” I exclaimed, “is it possible that we should be allied by the ties of blood! the vilest assassin would shudder at the crime thou hast committed! Tremble, villainous murderer, this arm shall deliver the world from so horrible a monster!”

“Flaminius, little accustomed to such language, answered me by invectives, and reproached me with want of respect; at the same time making reflections on my birth. This meanness increased my rage, I flew at him

with my drawn scimeter, and he fell with my repeated stabs, weltering in his blood. This event threw every inhabitant of the palace into the utmost consternation. It soon reached the king's ears, who instantly offered a reward, to whoever would bring my head to him: but I had profited by the general confusion to make my escape and avoid his fury. I travelled eight days and nights successively, until I came to this cave; where, overpowered by fatigue, I lay down to sleep. The most distressing dreams haunted my imagination, I thought I beheld Policena, whom a band of fierce soldiers were dragging along by her fine hair, and with her last breath calling upon her Gesimonde! I started up in an agony, to fly to her succour, and to my great dismay and horror, beheld a lion of an uncommon size, laying by my side! I gave myself up for lost; but this noble animal, less ferocious than those who gave me birth, appeared to view me with an eye of compassion, and soon tranquillized me by his caresses; since that moment, he has never quitted me; we always hunt the wild beasts together, and live on the most friendly terms.

“ I prefer this cavern, with my faithful companion, to the most magnificent palace. These bee-hives produce the most delicious honey, these torrents supply me with pure and limpid water, and the trees of the forest with fruit. If my daughter, thou wilt consent to soften my solitude by thy presence, I will wander among the rocks, to gather for thee odoriferous herbs, and make thee a couch to repose thy wearied limbs upon. We are here sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, and in the summer's heat we will repose under the cool shade of the trees, whose spreading branches will screen us from the rays of the sun. In the morning we will wander among the mountains, and admire the goodness of the great Creator of the world; which is manifested alike in the majesty of these stupendous mountains, and in the formation of the simple flower which adorns the enamelled fields.—In the evening we will recline under those willows which overhang the limpid stream, and talk over our misfortunes.”

Here Gesimonde ceased, and Ismena promised never to quit him. The tender friendship which subsisted between them, rendered their days serene and happy, he loved her as a father, and in return the lovely and amiable girl rendered the dutiful attentions of a daughter to

the unfortunate prince, who frequently concealed the grief that preyed upon his heart, lest it should distress the tender and affectionate Ismena.

One day that prince Gesimonde had wandered out alone, in order to give a free vent to his sorrows, Ismena descended a mountain towards a valley, where a row of fine poplars invited her to walk under their cool shade. As she approached, she beheld a horse richly caparisoned, tied to one of the trees, and a young cavalier sleeping on the grass, with his head uncovered. She drew nearer, and examined him with great attention. The beauty of the young stranger, inspired her with a sentiment till then unknown to her. Agitated and confused, she wished to fly, but an invincible charm fixed her to the spot. "This unfortunate young man," said she mentally, "will be devoured by wild beasts, why should I not wake him? it would be an excess of cruelty to abandon him to danger, when it is in my power to save him!"

Tancred, for that was the name of the cavalier, hearing a noise near him, awoke suddenly, and arose with precipitation. He gazed at the lovely Ismena with admiration, and remained silent from his surprise. The lovely girl wishing to account for her curiosity, said, that chance had directed her steps to the spot where he lay, and that she lived in the neighbouring mountains. "I reside there with my father," said the timid and innocent maid, "he is a man of illustrious birth, I wish you would come and live with us in our cave; I am sure he would receive you kindly." Charmed with her innocent simplicity, Tancred threw himself at her feet, and told her all that the most ardent passion could dictate. The shepherdess listened to his protestations with a sensation of pleasure hitherto unknown to her. They conversed for a considerable time, and did not separate until she promised to meet him every evening at the same place.

The sun had already set, and Ismena, fearful that Gesimonde would be uneasy at her long absence, hastened back to the cave. The image of the dear unknown followed, and she felt unusually sad until the next evening, when she hastened at the time appointed to the avenue of poplars. She arrived before the time, and setting down on the grass, in order to wait for him, looking carelessly around, she perceived some tablets laying on the grass; she opened them, and found they contained the picture of a lady, and the following letter.

“ To Tancred, prince of Armenia,

“ I am arrived secretly into the kingdom of Armenia. —I have seen the princess, and can assure you the enclosed picture can give you but a very faint idea of her beauty. Inform me what measures I must take to forward your marriage with that beautiful princess, and by that alliance put an end to the continual wars which have so long disturbed the peace of the two kingdoms——.”

Ismena's tears prevented her from going on, she leaned her head upon her hands, and abandoned herself to silent grief. Tancred arrived; the moment she beheld him, she exclaimed in the accent of despair, “ Cruel man! why did you disturb my tranquillity, and doom me to endless torments! you doubtless view me as an object of disdain, but the gods, who know the sincerity of my heart, will not suffer me to be your victim. I will return to Gesimonde, and quit for ever a vile and deceitful seducer.” After uttering these words, she disappeared, without listening to what he would have said. Ismena was already at a considerable distance before Tancred recovered from the astonishment which her words had caused him. In vain he called her back in order to justify himself, Ismena continued to fly from him, and the unhappy prince of Armenia was left in the most torturing state of uncertainty, not knowing to what cause to attribute the anger of his mistress.

Tancred having at length lost sight of Ismena, retired in deep despair. He returned every day to the same spot, but could not behold the object of his tender adoration. One day at length he espied her at a distance sitting under a tree, in a thoughtful attitude; transported with joy, he flew towards her, with an intention to cast himself at her feet, and demand an explanation of her cruel conduct; but Ismena again fled on beholding him, and Tancred who followed her, conjured her in vain to listen to him. Unable to prevail upon her, he solicited her to read a letter which he laid upon the trunk of a tree, and instantly disappeared, that his presence, which appeared to distress her so much, might not prevent her turning back to take the letter.

The moment Ismena beheld him no more, she returned, and took the paper, which contained the most tender complaints. Her heart was so softened by his entreaties, that she reproached herself for her cruelty; and determined to avoid his presence no longer.

Ismena, in the mean time, who had directed her steps towards the cave, met Gesimonde, who was seeking for her with uneasiness, and who made her the most affectionate reproaches on the danger to which she exposed herself by wandering alone so far from her habitation. He had scarcely ended those words, when he heard a loud noise, like that of a considerable weight falling from a great height. Gesimonde thinking it might be some wild beast approaching, strung his bow, and looked around greatly alarmed. At length he perceived at a distance a small covered bark, which had been thrown by the waves on the shore. He instantly approached with Ismena, and sprang into the bark. But heavens! what a sight of horror presented itself to his astonished eyes! he beheld a mangled corpse, stretched by the side of a young female, whom terror had nearly deprived of existence!—The prince threw the corpse into the sea, and instantly returned to succour the unfortunate lady.—“Heavens!” he exclaimed, “It is Policena! dear Ismena, it is Policena whom I hold in my arms!” He instantly conveyed her to his cave, where notwithstanding the united care of Gesimonde and Ismena, she remained insensible for a considerable time. At length she opened her languid eyes, and with a faint voice, asked what new torture was still reserved for her.—“Tranquillize yourself,” answered Gesimonde, “You are safe from all danger, and among friends who will do every thing to make you happy.”

Struck with the well-known sound of his voice, Policena fixed her eyes attentively upon him, and recognized her husband, who unable any longer to contain his transports, clasped her in his arms. “Dear Gesimonde!”—“Dear Policena!” they both exclaimed. Their tears prevented their saying any more. They remained some time in a close embrace, without uttering a word. After which, the beauteous Policena, whom joy had for some time deprived of speech, pressed her beloved husband to her bosom in an exstasy of joy.—“Do I again behold thee, thou dear object of my tenderest affections,” said she to him, “Heaven has preserved thee to reward at last my constancy! beloved of my soul!—how many tears hast thou not cost me? how often have I not wished to die, when I thought thou wert for ever lost to me! inhuman king!—unnatural father! I no longer fear your

wrath. Gesimonde, my beloved Gesimonde, is given back to these fond arms: and to your cruelty, I owe the exstatic bliss of once more pressing my beloved husband to my faithful bosom."

Gesimonde, impatient to learn what had befallen his dear Policena, during their long separation, intreated her to relate it to them. She, in compliance with his wish, informed him, that her father had confined her in a dungeon, that Flaminius had recovered from his wounds, and that she bribed a slave to search for Gesimonde, and deliver a letter which she had written to him, to inform him of the favourable disposition of the people towards him; and that he might with great facility, mount the throne of Albania, if he could obtain succours from some neighbouring prince. Policena concluded, by informing him, that the slave who carried this letter, had unfortunately been discovered, and murdered; that she had been then put in a covered boat with the mangled body, and abandoned to the mercy of the wind and waves, which had driven the bark where he fortunately found her.

Ismena, notwithstanding the joy she experienced in the happiness of Gesimonde and Policena, remained silent and sad. She left the cave, and wishing to console her dear Tancred for the pain she had given him, she descended from the mountain, and went to the row of poplars. They met, and Ismena informed him of the motives which had made her fly his presence. The prince easily tranquillized her fears, and promised, provided Gesimonde were not her lover, to become her husband. Ismena returned to the cave perfectly happy, and Tancred immediately informed the king of Albania, that particular reasons of state, prevented his accepting the hand of his fair daughter.

Policarp, enraged at the refusal, which he deemed an affront, raised a numerous army. The prince of Armenia, hearing of his intention to go to war, also sent a large army into the field, and resolved before he began hostilities, to have an interview with Gesimonde; with whose birth and adventures he was acquainted. Ismena conducted her lover to the cave. The two princes entered into the strictest bonds of friendship, and Gesimonde was at length prevailed upon by Tancred, to abandon his solitude, and to put himself at the head of his army; whilst he conducted Policena and Ismena to the princesses of Armenia, his sisters.

The troops of the king of Albania, had already formed an encampment. Gesimonde, who had one night advanced near to the enemy's camp, in order to reconnoitre their position, heard several people conversing together in a low voice. He concealed himself behind some trees, and soon recognized Flaminius surrounded by officers, with whom he was laying plans to murder Policarp, and usurp his throne. This plan was the more easy to accomplish, as Policarp was to join them, in order to surprise the Armenians during the night. Gesimonde shuddered at his parent's danger, and hastened to meet his father, who was on his way to the camp, and to inform him of the villainous parricide projected by his infamous son.

Policarp, who did not recognize his son, thought him an assassin, sent by the enemy to draw him into some snare; but Gesimonde threw himself at his feet, and said, "I am Gesimonde, and although you have ever treated me with the utmost rigour, and have never evinced the least spark of paternal affection towards me, yet I thank heaven that I have it in my power to save your life. The time is short, follow me, and I will convince you that I am not unworthy of your esteem." The open ingenuousness with which he expressed himself, tranquillized the suspicions of Policarp, who followed him, and was soon after attacked by the assassins; but the brave Gesimonde, who expected them, soon made them feel the strength of his arm. Flaminius was the first that fell, and his vile companions sought refuge in flight.

This generous action greatly affected Policarp. He evinced his regret and repentance for his ill usage to him, and promised him, that he should receive his thanks the next day, at the head of his army. As soon as it was light, Policarpe put on his royal robes, and assembled all the principal officers of his army.

"Acknowledge," said he to them, "Gesimonde for your king, he is the right heir to the crown; when Clarinda was brought to bed, my love for her blinded me so far, that I consented to pass Flaminius her son, for the son of Rosimonda, who was delivered at the same time: Gesimonde is therefore, as the son of Rosimonda, entitled to the crown."

The officers did homage to the prince, with universal acclamations of joy. The news soon spread through the camp, and was hailed every where with delight. Policarpe wished his son to head his army against Tancred;

but Gesimonde declared to him the tender friendship that subsisted between them, and that Policena was in his camp. The king, greatly surprised at this information, listened to the relation which his son made, of the adventures that had happened to him on the mountains, and to the manner in which Policena had escaped from destruction. He ordered immediately ambassadors to be sent to the prince of Armenia, in order to propose terms of peace; and at the same time a princely retinue, to escort Policena into his dominions. Tancred came himself, with a number of courtiers, who surrounded the ladies, and brought them safely to the camp of Policarpe.—Policena and Ismena, threw themselves at the feet of the king, who embraced his daughter with the utmost tenderness.

Tancred alone was not happy. His love for Ismena would not suffer him to delay asking her in marriage of Gesimonde, persuaded that Ismena was his daughter, he demanded her hand of the prince, who was much against his inclination obliged to declare, that she was not in the least related to him, but a simple shepherdess, whom he had met by chance on the mountains of Armenia. On the other side, Policarpe entreated Tancred to marry the princess his daughter, according to their former agreement. The young prince struggled between his love for Ismena, and the duty he owed to his illustrious rank; yet, he could not persuade himself that the object of his love was no more than a simple shepherdess, as every thing in her announced an elevation of soul, and a noble origin. In this incertitude, he determined to go to the village from whence she came, and make enquiries concerning her birth. He went that very day, and arrived at a small cottage, where dwelt the person who passed for her father. On being closely questioned, he confessed that Ismena was not his daughter; that she had been entrusted to his care by an Albanian, whose name was Camillius, and who had desired him to keep her until he came to demand her; that Ismena had fled from his cottage a year before, since which time he had never heard of her more.

Prince Tancred rewarded the old peasant generously for his paternal care of Ismena, and returned to the camp much more tranquil than when he quitted it. Gesimonde inquired of him what success he had met with, and Tan-

cred informed him of what he had learned from the peasant concerning Ismena. It was necessary in order to elucidate the mystery of her birth, to have a conference with Camillius, who was detained by state affairs at the court of Albania. They therefore, departed all together for Albania, to celebrate there the marriage of the prince Gesimonde with Policena.

The king, who felt extremely interested in the fate of the lovely Ismena, sent immediately for Camillius, and interrogated him with respect to the birth of Ismena. What was Gesimonde's surprise?—his raptures!—when he learned that she was his daughter. Ismena was the very child which Policena had given into the hands of Flaminius at the moment of its birth. The barbarous prince had been deceived by the humane Camillius, who, instead of complying with his inhuman orders, had brought to him a child who had died a few hours before, and whom he had pierced with his poignard, and smeared with blood.

This happy discovery spread a universal joy among the Albanians. Ismena was publicly acknowledged as the princess of Albania, and her marriage with her beloved Tancred was celebrated on the same day as that of Gesimonde and Policena, to the great joy of the people, to whom this alliance ensured a lasting peace.



## ALFRED AND ZARA,

A PATHETIC TALE.

THE first years of my life, I but faintly remember; at the age of twelve, I found myself a darling in the family of an aged pair, who lived in a small cottage on the top of a steep hill.—On looking through the small casements of our little habitation, I could discover on all sides the high battlements of a castle, to whose owner I yearly paid a visit of gratitude, as from him I received all the ornaments with which I was decked.

The pleasure of this visit was depressed by being taken towards the close of the day, to a remote apartment; more richly adorned than the rest of the castle; and receiving on my youthful cheeks, the tears of a lovely young female. The sighs that seemed to rend her bosom at my appearance, left in my young mind a depression, which could not easily be erased for several weeks after; though the good old Jaques pressed me to his bosom, as a welcome to his dwelling, and strove to render me cheerful.

Thus I passed in a state of innocence, the first years of my life; which were only ruffled by the soft sorrow of the fair inhabitant of the castle. One night, when the beating of the rain against my window had lulled me to sleep, I was suddenly awakened by footsteps in the adjoining apartment; I arose, and seating myself on the bed, listened attentively, and heard the sound die away as the feet descended the stairs.—The shutting of the outward door, surprised and frightened me; I dressed myself, and knocked at the chamber where the good old pair slept. I waited, but received no answer, though the noise I made must have awakened them had they been asleep. Trembling, I called in vain on those within the chamber, I put my hand on the lock and found the door already open.—Entering in haste, I saw a half-extinguished torch thrown into the chimney, and traces of blood were visible on the hearth. Grown bolder by horror, rather than courage, I approached the bed, and drawing back the curtain, beheld my aged parent weltering in his blood; his wife had fled, I involuntarily hid my eyes with one hand, whilst with the other, I drew from his wounded side, a poignard glittering with jewels. In an agony of passion I exclaimed, “Alas! my murdered friend and tutor, I will with this smeared instrument of horror, revenge thy unnatural death.”

Thus resolved, and with a heart oppressed with grief, I snatched the poignard; and forcing it into my girdle, left the cottage; and fastening the door after me, flung the key into the river, vowing never to return until revenge had satiated my fury. Lighted by the faint glittering of the moon, which seemed to have thrown from her all those veiling clouds which before obscured her brightness. I descended the hill, the rain so moistened the moss, that it was with difficulty I could stand; but at length I gained the bottom by the river side, which

had overflown its banks. "Farewell, thou peaceful habitation!" sighed I, "Adieu! thou flowing river! no more shall I walk thy silent course, whilst the moon's shadow plays on thy glassy surface! My tears can witness with what regret I quit these scenes of my early youth! never more will they behold me, until blood has bathed these feet, only yet wetted by the dews of the morning."

I had scarcely finished these words, when a gentle voice exclaimed—"In mercy listen to his sorrow, his pure mind is loaded with affliction, alas! wretched maid, what hope hast thou of a happier lot!" A deep sigh accompanied these words, and all again was buried in a death-like silence.—Surprise took possession of my heart, I turned round, and beheld a figure in the attitude of kneeling. I softly moved towards the phantom, treading lightly, fearing that the airy form should vanish before me. The figure arose, as I drew near, and wrapping itself in a flowing mantle, walked slowly on. I followed, hardly believing her to be an inhabitant of this world. The river now prevented her from proceeding; she loosened a cord that fastened a boat, and stepping lightly into it, seized the hand of a slave. "Albuka," she cried, "Row quickly, or the man will witness my sorrows."

A sudden impulse urged me to take this method of flying from a dreary waste, where every object reminded me of my wretchedness. I jumped into the little bark, and said, "Who art thou that weepest for Alfred's woes? turn and receive him, as an outcast from all that is happy." A scream re-echoed my words, and the lady fell senseless on my bosom. Her slave aided me in restoring her to life. When she recovered, she said in a faint voice, "Alfred, I know the mystery of this night, fatigued by grief, and sunk into anguish, you stand in need of repose, I will lead you to a place of safety, where with the morn you may pursue your way. Ask not how the knowledge of your misfortunes was discovered to me, it is all dark and unfathomable."

Wonder kept me mute, whilst pity seemed to have taken possession of the lady's soul. The slave continued to row, unconscious of the grief which laboured in our respective bosoms. We soon arrived at the opposite side of the river. I led the lady from the boat. She conducted me towards a grove of trees, whose meeting boughs shut out the dawning light. Albuka raised a door, we

descended a flight of steps, the door closed, and the slave laid himself down at the entrance. Lamps gave a clear light through this subterraneous passage, the lady hid her face with her veil and walked first. A curtain was drawn before a door, which was opened by a black woman; who on admitting us, put her finger on her lip, in token of silence. We entered an apartment elegantly decorated, and sleeping slaves surrounded an empty couch. The lady took a taper, and led me to a smaller apartment, where she threw off her mantle; I then beheld with wonder, the elegant form of my conductress.—Her features were of the most perfect symmetry, although her smooth skin was of the same dark hue as that of her slaves. Youth, beauty, and gentleness, beamed in her countenance. Jewels of great value enriched her wrists, and large folds of muslin wrapt her fine form. She held a conversation in a strange language with her old slave, then turning to me, she said,

“I shall see you no more, before your departure; keep this in remembrance for hapless Zara’s sake.” She bound a chain of jewels round my arm. “Wear this,” she said, “until the hand that gave it you is cold.” A tear stole from her moistened eye, but she disregarded the precious drop, and proceeded.—“You have wandered into an unknown part of the country, suffer me to give you a guide in this little page; he is faithful, and will lead you safely through these unknown tracts.”

The strange and melancholy accidents which had befallen me in one night, so overpowered my senses, that a confused noise was all I was sensible of. My mind oppressed by sorrow, I sunk in an apathy at her feet, and lost the sensation of anguish by having felt misfortunes too heavily. I found myself when I recovered on a couch, and the old slave kneeling before me; but on seeing me recover, he left me. Sleep soon weighed down my weary eye-lids, and for some hours I forgot that I was wretched. When I awoke, I perceived the young negro whom Zara had spoken of, standing in a distant part of the chamber. The elegance of his person, which in the dark I had not observed, now attracted my notice, and when he spoke, I thought his voice resembled that of Zara’s; he hastened my departure, and taking my hand, drew me towards the subterraneous passage, and opening the door that had given us entrance, conducted me out.

The rising sun gilded the tall trees that shaded this spot. I turned and blessed the ground that enclosed the lovely and benevolent Zara; and over ways almost inaccessible, Albuka led me to escape from observation. I attempted to draw from my conductor the history of Zara, but an impenetrable mystery seemed to envelope every circumstance of her life. I learned that Zara was of noble birth, but captive among the free, and wretched amidst the honours of her state. We had walked long, the rays of the sun struck hot on my bewildered head, and I begged to repose myself in a distant wood. Albuka consented, and with tearful eyes, he bent his trembling steps towards it.

"We soon reached the shade of some lofty pines; I laid myself down to sleep whilst Albuka watched, lest any one should intrude on my slumbers. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, when a dreadful yell of negroes roused me from my sleep; I arose, and saw my faithful guide struggling with the slaves. I darted forward, and seizing the foremost, plunged my dagger into his jetty breast. The rest of the negroes fled, and I received the trembling prize into my arms.

I bore the frightened boy to a bank, and had the satisfaction of soon seeing him revive. He entreated me to continue our journey. We accordingly hastened to the river side, when a stronger body of men than before, rushed forward, and forced us to separate. "Oh! my Alfred!" exclaimed the gentle page, "rescue the wretched Zara." Too late I knew the unfortunate maid, the weeping Zara was torn from me. Whilst I was held by two of the ruffians, in order to prevent my running to the struggling Zara, she was borne out of sight; her cries still vibrated in my ears, when the ruffians that held me, suddenly plunged me into the river, and fled. I buffeted with the waves, until finding myself unable to reach the shore, my strength failed me, and I sank to the bottom.

From the bosom of a peasant I raised my head, and was again blessed with the sight of the sun. I leaned upon the peasant's arm, and tottered towards a clump of trees, from which a waving smoke rose from the whitened chimney of a cottage, where we were received with pleasure by the peasant's son; who led me to his bed, and strove by his unpolished but gentle manners, to bestow that consolation which Zara alone could bestow.

About midnight, methought a dim light shone in my little chamber, and aghast with horror, I beheld the form of my imagined parent. "Alfred," said the shadow, as it approached my bed, "let not the spirit of the murdered Jaques inspire thee with such dread. Affection summoned me from the tomb, to tell thee that I am not thy father.—Thy mother lives, but dreadful is her fate, she wildly calls on thee to relieve her.—Arise, noble boy, shake from thy mind the seducing form of Zara, and revenge thy mother's wrongs." The apparition vanished; I arose in the morning, determined to comply with my awful monitor's commands; then thanking the honest cottager's for their benevolence, departed.

After travelling for a considerable time, I found myself near a rock, in which I perceived an arched cavern. By the seclusion of this place, I imagined it was the residence of some pious hermit. I entered, and perceived a half-closed door, which led to an inner room, in which I beheld a lady sitting on the ground, and veiled. I thought the form resembled that of my beloved Zara, I rushed into the room with a palpitating heart—the lady rose, and throwing aside her veil, discovered a countenance which had all the softness and beauty of Zara's, but blended with a skin so fair, that I soon, alas! discovered that it was not she for whom my soul mourned.

I gazed with anguish on a form so lovely, but which seemed to be labouring under all the agonies of incurable grief. The lady, unconscious of my presence, clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! my Alfred! where dost thou now wander; where can I search for thee!" Saying this, she was hurrying towards the door, when a negro held her; I drew my poignard, which he dashed to the ground, and fled. I turned to the distracted beauty, and saw her extended on the ground, grasping my poignard, which she drew from her side. I shrieked with terror, several slaves rushed into the room, and seeing their mistress's state, thought I had murdered her. The cave wrung with their cries, the lady bent her eyes on me, and said with a faint voice, whilst I pressed her hand in an agony to my bosom, "Ah, my Alfred, thou art come to revenge the death of Jaques.—Alas! let this blood expiate the offence which Zara has caused, although guilt has never tinged her cheek, which will soon be cold in death." I hung over her I adored, and overcome by grief, I sunk senseless to the ground.

When I again unclosed my sad eyes, I found myself in a damp dungeon, and a dwarf of uncommon deformity presented himself to my sight. With the most horrible sensations, I heard myself accused of being the murderer of Zara; the dwarf bound me with heavy chains, and I remained in a state of mind impossible to be described. I was a few days after informed by the dwarf, who had rather relaxed in his severity towards me, that the lady whom I had murdered, was buried.

In an agony of despair, I knelt before the dwarf, and supplicated him to lead me to the sacred tomb that enclosed her ashes. He was deaf to my entreaties till I forced a jewel from the chain Zara had bound round my arm, and presented it to him; he consented, and led me at night into a large and elegant sepulchre, where, descending by the light of a small lamp a flight of steps, I entered a stone room, lighted by a half extinguished lamp, I beheld the coffin of Zara richly ornamented. I threw myself on the coffin, and gave vent to my overcharged heart, by tears and groans. Nearly distracted, I resolved not to survive any longer the object of my affections, I pushed aside the lid of the coffin, to take a farewell look at all my soul held dear, and press the cold inanimate form to my bosom; but recoiled with horror, to find I clasped a waxen image. I hastened away from this scene of wonder, and rushed out of the sepulchre; nor ever ventured to rest till some miles separated me from the spot. I then laid myself on the ground, and fell into a deep slumber; and did not awake till the next evening was far advanced. I was wandering an unfrequented wild, and fearing that night would surprize me in that lonesome spot, I threw myself on my knees, and commended myself to heaven, that I might hear a human voice to break the gloomy silence. A hollow echo returned my sad accents. The last rays of the setting sun gilded a superb mausoleum, whose majestic roof I discovered through the trees. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "wretched Alfred! no marble tomb shall receive thy dust, the winds will scatter thy ashes over this dreary waste."

As I drew nearer, I faintly heard plaintive music issuing from the recesses of the tomb, and perceived a small grated door, which led into the tomb, half unclosed. No other asylum offered to screen me from the cold blast. I was on the point of entering, when the door gently

closed, and the breeze blew a paper towards me. I took the scroll, and putting it into my bosom, fled the dreary abode, which seemed to my affrighted imagination, to be haunted by unquiet spirits. Almost expiring with hunger, I laid myself down, hoping heaven would put an end to my sufferings by death; when some berries and wild fruit caught my eye. I snatched with eagerness the fruit thus offered by Providence: as I rested on a bank, the mysterious paper recurred to my mind; I took it from my bosom and read the following lines.

“To Alfred,

“Unconscious that these lines will ever meet thine eyes, I would repress each fond emotion; but it is in vain, my heart will dictate, while my trembling hand writes the woes of the hapless Zara. In an humble cottage I first drew my breath: on a cold night I was wrapped in a rich mantle, and carried to the river side, where a black slave received me, brought me to the tower, and laid me in an embroidered cradle, still warmed by an infant, which had just been taken out of it. Bred in a secret apartment, and only attended by a black female slave, my thoughts never strayed beyond its limits. One night my busy fancy painted to my youthful imagination, that delight dwelt on the outside of my prison walls; and could I once escape from the tower, peace and happiness would be my portion for ever. The black slave was sleeping beside me, and the keys by her side. The wish of realizing those pleasures which only yet had been imaginary, inspired me; I took the taper, and examining the eyes of the sleeping slave, to assure myself that she was really asleep, I took the keys from her pillow;—I tried the door, it opened, and taking a last look at my sleeping companion whom I loved, I stole out softly; the door closed after me, and I was now shut for ever from the guardian of my youth.

“I walked forward, lighted only by the moon that beamed upon me through a large painted window of a staircase; every object around me was new, but the desire of escaping repressed my curiosity. I rather ran than walked, through a long range of rooms hung with portraits at full length. As I was passing through one of these, a moon-beam rested on the portrait of a lady, whose dying countenance was turned to a man of majestic height, as if beseeching him to protect the infant she held in her arms.

"I gazed on the portrait until the moon hid itself in a mist, and I proceeded. I next came to a glass door, which opened into the country, and accustomed only to view the length of my apartment, I hesitated not to think that I saw the whole world in the scene before me. As I proceeded plucking flowers, and lost in the new and delightful sensations, which I for the first time experienced, I at length arrived at a grotto. A light suspended to a crucifix, showed me a figure lying on the ground. Fear, for the first time, assailed me. I remained immovable with surprise at beholding one of my complexion, so different in appearance from myself. A long white beard reached almost to his waist, and his countenance was so meek, that it dispelled all my fears.

"The hermit was greatly astonished to see a young female at the entrance of his grotto at the dead of night, but seeing me amusing myself with throwing the flowers I had plucked on my way, into the flowing stream, and watching their floating, he asked me from whence I came? I pointed to the tower: he seemed lost in thought, whilst I, unperceived by him, entered farther into the grotto. I arrived at a small room, from whence I had seen the light; a matted couch was the only bed on which the hermit reposed, and dried fruits were stored on one side; while a transparent stream ran bubbling over the shining pebbles. As I turned round, I viewed the hermit standing at the entrance, wondering at my childish actions; not daring to tell him of my flight, I turned from him, and went further into a small piece of ground enamelled with flowers, where finding myself fatigued, I sat down and watched the clouds which surrounded the moon, which soon veiled its pure light from my eyes; they filled with tears at the remembrance of my lost friend, and the loneliness of the place,—I was suddenly roused from my melancholy reflections, on finding myself pressed in the arms of a stranger!"

Here the paper ended, tears of love and sorrow for the uncertain fate of Zara rolled down my cheeks, and fell on the writing as I pressed it to my heart.—

Darkness now succeeded, and I felt alarmed at the hollow sound of footsteps. A female approached me, and I soon recognized the well known accents of the wife of Jaques. Thus to meet my kind protectress, gave inexpressible joy to my heart; which but a moment before was nearly subdued by despair. We turned to the mau-

solemn, and entered it, when the gentle voice of Zara filled my soul with rapture. The wife of Jaques viewed with wonder the mutual expression of pleasure which beamed on our countenance at this unexpected meeting, and after taking some refreshments, she took from her bosom a paper, on which she had written an account of my birth, lest death should deprive her of utterance, before she again met with the son of Osrick. She read as follows:

“ I was nurse to Monimia; I shall not describe her beauty;—her mind polished by various accomplishments, and softened by every virtue, won the hearts, which the superiority of her attractions at first had awed. She was one fatal day seized by some ruffians, as she was walking in a wood adjoining to the castle, where she dwelt with her father; and carried away. Search was immediately made, but without success, when the sweet girl was restored by a noble gentleman, who had rescued her from the daring plunderers. His gentle mein counterbalanced the warlike nobleness of his appearance, which otherwise would have been taken for pride. Rejoicings were made in the castle for Monimia’s return; the noble Osrick sought Monimia’s love, who gratefully returned the admiration she inspired, and Osrick won her.

“ Months of gay festivity attended their nuptials, when Osrick was summoned to the wars, and left his beloved Monimia, praying to heaven for his safety. A year elapsed before he returned; the hours passed heavily with Monimia, till her warrior revisited his lands. At length he appeared with his usual affection; he expressed his adoration of his wife, and he dropped a tear of joy on the cheek of his infant son, whom he beheld for the first time. You, Alfred, were that infant. Oswald still dwelt with his daughter, and each morning called down blessings on his grandson. From the moment of his return, a heavy gloom hung over Osrick’s mind, and each bright hope was depressed by a dark melancholy. His eyes avoided the scrutinizing looks of Monimia; the lustre of his beauty faded, and a slow fever preyed upon his spirits. At length his fortitude forsook him, and one fatal night he forgot he was a warrior! a husband! a father! and fell on that sword, whose point had never before pierced a heart so ennobled by every virtue that could adorn human nature. Over Osrick’s tomb, all Moni-

nia's blessing's hung, and within it, rested the ashes of him she most loved. Among Osrick's papers was found the following, which contained the melancholy cause of all his sorrows, written with his own hand.

'To you my father, to you my wife, and even to you my infant son, I plead for mercy,—may your pity cause some extenuation of an action, that perhaps ere you read this. will have doomed its author to perdition,—guided in my infancy to scenes of war and blood, my heart panted for battle, and bounded at the sound of martial music. One night when every soldier was at rest, I forsook my tent, and wandered over the field of battle; some plaintive accents reached my ears, and I bent my steps to where the sound proceeded. A highland girl clasped the body of a bleeding soldier, the plaid from her shoulder, she had wrapped round his bleeding arm. I offered my assistance, and led them to a tent occupied by a surgeon, and as the girl hung over the old man, I surveyed her beauty. Dare I to you, my Monimia, describe the graces of her person. Her sensibility caused large drops of sorrow to fall from her blue eyes, and fell on her cheeks which sorrow had rendered pale; and which reddened only, when she caught my eyes fixed upon her, and expressing admiration. Her fine hair hung loose and dishevelled, and was disordered by the white hands that now vainly strove to restrain it from overshadowing the wounded man to whom she knelt. Before the morning dawned, the soldier breathed his last, and left his daughter to my protection, to guard her from danger. I resolved to cement the title of husband with that of protector; and I married the beautiful Scotch girl. I sought for a castle near the encampment, and found one, where I placed my lovely Highlander; and every hour I could spare from my duty, I passed in her society. About five months after my marriage, I was informed by one of my domestics that my wife met one of my soldiers only at those hours when she knew the camp demanded my presence.

'Exasperated by this intelligence, I went unattended to my castle one evening, and saw my wife at the door, pressing both the hands of a young soldier on horseback, who promised in affectionate terms, to return at dawn of day; and embracing her, proceeded towards the camp, and was soon out of sight. My wife anxiously looked

after him, and with that gentle innocence, which accompanied all her actions, put her hand over her face, and I beheld the tears streaming from her eyes. I returned to the camp chilled with horror and despair, and found no soldier missing. I issued orders, that it would be death on the next day, for any man to depart from the camp, as the enemy was expected to commence the attack every hour.

“Next morning I examined my men, only one was missing. I flew to my castle, I heard the voice of my wife entreating a longer visit, as perhaps the chance of that day’s battle, might deprive her of him she loved so well. ‘I will hear no more!’ cried I, as I sprang forward, and buried my sword in her bosom; lifeless she fell to the earth.—I returned to the field—madness had taken possession of my brain—dauntless, I rushed through javelins and arrows, to the chiefs of the enemy’s army; unsatiated by their blood, I animated my men to pursue the conquered to their tents, and forgot in my fury, that humanity should ever inhabit the breast of a warrior.

“The body of my wife had been buried by the peasants ere I returned.—I gave up my castle to any one who would have it—I forsook my companions—forgot my grandeur—and sadness preyed on my youth. I wandered over countries unattended, relieved those in distress, yet pursued my way uncheered by the blessings of those whose distresses I alleviated. You Monimia, I rescued from daring robbers, and in your angelic countenance, forgot the grief that had hitherto preyed upon my mind; and the bleeding image of my wife ceased to haunt me.—For you, I again sought my attendants, reclaimed my wealth, rebuilt my castle, and destroyed in a great measure, the remembrance of my hopeless love. I left you, my fair partner, to encounter the foe; I was nearly overpowered by numbers, when I was defended by a gallant youth rushing forward, who received in his breast the point aimed at mine.—I supported the generous youth in my arms, who had sacrificed his life to defend mine. When turning my eyes on the dying face of my defender, I recognized in his features the soldier who had been the cause of my jealousy!—I endeavoured to support him but in vain; he dropped from my arms, and as the blood gushed from his side, in broken accents, told me that his sister, whom I would have murdered, still lived. Ah,

my Monimia, suffer her wrongs to be graced by a sigh.—Fearing to own her, as his general's wife, his delicacy induced him to attract my notice by his valour; and when that attention was softened into friendship, to own his relationship, until which time, he secretly visited his only sister whom he loved. When the order of death was known for any that forsook their tents that day, he appointed the early dawn to take a farewell of the sweetest hope of his family. 'You, my noble general,' continued he, 'were deceived, and wounded the supposed deceiver. She fell—yet your arm, unaccustomed to destroy the helpless, lost its strength, and only inflicted a slight wound,—I bore your wife to a cottage, and left her to the care of honest peasants. I returned and saw you were victorious, and again fled to my unfortunate sister, who when she heard of your departure from the country, would with despair have ended her life; but the gentle hope of beholding you again calmed her agony, which otherwise must have broken her heart.

"And now, my noble general,' continued the youth, pressing my hand, 'I glory in my death,—my fall has restored a husband to my sister, and a father to your infant daughter, who both reside in a cottage on the neighbouring heath.' After blessing his sister and me, the valiant youth expired. What horror filled my breast! to be married to thee, my Monimia, yet the gentle girl I would have murdered, still living;—these reflections drew drops of blood from my heart. How could I return to embrace thee with the smile of innocence? how could I behold you with calmness, when my heart was breaking? I gave orders for the burial of my gallant friend, and was weeping over his body, when a female form rushed through a heap of slain, and fell fainting near me. The pale, but well known beauties of my wife, attracted all my attention towards her; I bore her still insensible to the cottage, directed to me by her gallant brother. My infant girl ran towards us, and in the sweetness of her smile, I traced her loveliness that lay insensible before me. She recovered only to prove a life of innocence; and in the sweet hope of leaving a protector to her child, folded me to her constant bosom and expired.

"Is it being inconstant to thy daughter, my father, to drop a tear to her dear memory? Alas! no; rather let these stains prove the anguish which I felt when the cold

remains of the girl that loved me, were sunk into the earth. Nature pleaded for my child, I bore her to some peasants who pointed out to me a man, who lives on the summit of a high hill, not a mile from this castle to be her instructor; there breathes my little unfortunate Zara, who if unprotected, will remain a sorrowful fugitive till she rests in the grave. This, my Monimia, is the account of a life full of misfortunes. When I pressed my boy in my arms, I would, had I been alone, have given my spirit liberty to fly from this sorrowful world. Ah! Matilda, wife of my heart, love my little Alfred; his father only is guilty. Plead for me, noble Oswald, that his infant purity may be preserved, without imbibing a hatred for his hapless father. And you, my gentle boy, learn by his misery to quell those stormy passions which poisoned his existence, and at length guided him to despondency and despair.

“OSRICK.”

“This was your father’s story,” continued the wife of Jaques, “press therefore Zara to your bosom, as the sister of your heart, and let the obliteration of a more fervent passion take place, by reflecting on the hapless fate of both your parents.” I turned to the sweet girl, but her eyes were turned up towards heaven. In despair I clasped my aged monitress, who thus continued, “Oswald’s proud spirit shrunk at the idea of Monimia’s fate, and would not suffer her to peruse a paper, that would prove him blameable, in not having made enquiries concerning Osrick’s situation, before he gave him his daughter in marriage.

“After the misfortune which doomed Monimia to ceaseless misery, Oswald’s first care was, to prevent every circumstance concerning Osrick’s death from transpiring to the world, and particularly to keep the bitter tidings from Monimia. Five month’s after the death of Osrick, Oswald went to the cottage of Jaques, where Zara was placed; and obtained, by a large sum of gold, the smiling infant, and in return placed his grandson Alfred with him; sealing his lips by vows, never to reveal his ever having seen, or delivered to his care, the daughter of the general. Oswald gave me a dower of five thousand crowns, and with this sum Jaques took me for his wife.

“Zara was bred in a remote apartment in the tower of Oswald. About twelve years after she was taken from

Jaques, she escaped from her confinement, and my master dared not express his uneasiness to Monimia. Thus in a state of inquietude two years more passed on; the health of Monimia gradually declining, whilst the graces of Alfred increased daily. One night I was alarmed by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, I fled into Jaques's chamber, and was pursued by two negroes, who approached my husband's bed, and demanded how he had dared murder a female infant, once given to his protection? he denied the charge. They insisted on seeing the apartment where reposed the youth for whose convenience Osrick's daughter had been put to death. I told them that he did not sleep in the cottage; they took a light and searched our dwelling, but returning unsuccessful, they vowed revenge, and plunged a shining poignard into the heart of Jaques; and forcibly dragged me away over many fields to the cell of Egbert the hermit, who received me, and desired me not to be alarmed; I told him they had murdered my husband! he reproved the negroes angrily, and led me to a splendid subterraneous dwelling, where I was told that Zara had fled with a noble youth. 'Ah,' cried I, 'Zara is fled with her brother, they are both the children of Osrick, who are seeking thus in mutual love that consolation which their destiny denies.' I parted with the hermit, and was returning to my cottage, when I met with Oswald, to whom I unfolded the dreadful mystery of the night, which awakened in his breast, rage, astonishment, and horror. He was exasperated against the hermit, whom he suspected to be the destroyer of Jaques, and whom he abhorred as the protector of Zara, and caused him to be poisoned."

Such is the history of my misfortunes.—I confess that I love Zara too violently, ever to behave to her with the calm affection of a brother.—I left my friends, my country, my wretched home, and vowed to end my days in solitude, until the hand of death puts an end to my mental and heartfelt agony; and I have only to hope the moment is not far distant.

FINIS.



COAST MAP OF THE GULF OF MEXICO

FROM A SURVEY MADE BY THE U.S. NAVY



*MONKCLIFFE ABBEY.*

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# MONKCLIFFE ABBEY, A Tale

OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

By S. WILKINSON.

*To which is added,*

LOPEZ AND ARANTHE;  
OR,

*THE SUICIDE.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



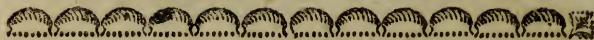
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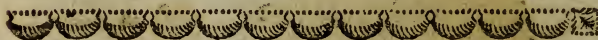
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# MONKCLIFFE ABBEY,

## A TALE

OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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**M**ONKCLIFFE Abbey a venerable building, formerly belonging to the Carthusians, was situated at the foot of a large hill, in a pleasant valley, in the north of England; as far back as the year 1517, it was inhabited by sir Archibald Barnett, a famous warrior, but now grown aged, he had retired to this abbey to pass the remainder of his days in peace, and domestic felicity, with lady Barnett, and two daughters; blooming, fair, and elegant in form as the graces.

Adeline Barnett was fair as the lilly, tall as the pine, her fine dark eyes sparkling as diamonds, and she moved with the majestic air of a goddess; but pride and ambition appeared on the brow of this famed maiden, and destroying the effect of her charms.

Not so, Elwina, whose mild blue eyes, cast around a look of benevolence and pity; while her hand bestowed the liberal boon to distressed innocence, and the virtuous poor; she walked from cottage to cottage, enquiring into their means of livelihood, and the health of their inhabitants.—Seldom did she leave their humble dwellings without the blessings of the poor, in heartfelt gratitude to Elwina, and her excellent mother; by whom she was assisted in her charitable exertions.

Lady Barnett was of a retired character, her health joined to a love of rural life, and domestic virtues; had made her intreat sir Archibald to retire to this ruined edifice, and spend their lives in calm retreat. This plan perfectly met the approbation of sir Archibald, whose fortune having being greatly diminished by his ancestors, in the contest between York and Lancaster, and not meeting with reward from

Henry; he longed to avoid the snares of a courtier's life, and retired into the North to this Abbey; the monks having abdicated some years before, he took possession in right of his grandfather, to whom the domain belonged.

Here they lived with very few domestics, but happier far than in splendid palaces, and gilded domes; when they contemplated with pleasure, the progress of their lovely daughters, the eldest of whom, was now seventeen; Elwina, two years younger; only one circumstance now appeared to damp their happiness.

The ambitious turn of mind that seemed to take possession of Adeline, who sighed for the pleasures of a court, and longed for masques, balls, and tournaments.

But as these wishes sir Archibald steadily refused to gratify, she was obliged to acquiesce to their present mode of living with apparent cheerfulness. Though daily were her prayers, that some plumed knight would take her from her castle, but as yet no suitor had appeared, nor did sir Archibald wish for their retirement to be known to the vindictive Henry, or the proud cardinal Wolsey; with whom Barnett had been some years at variance.

They had now passed some years unnoticed and unseen, till an affair happened, that altered the sameness that usually ruled each day. Adeline and Elwina were walking at the extremity of a wood that belonged to the abbey, when they perceived a gallant knight weltering in his blood, and appeared quite senseless; his horse was grazing at some distance, while a little dog lay licking the face of his master.

The ladies shrieked aloud, but recovering their surprize, humanity got the better of their fears, and they hastened towards the stranger, to render him what assistance was in their power. Elwina drew forth a small bottle of salts, and applied it to his nostrills, while Adeline chafed his temples; but in vain, for he continued insensible. Elwina entreated Adeline to watch the stranger, while she ran to a neighbouring cottage to procure relief.

She was too far from the abbey, besides the fears of sir Archibald's reproof. Anthony and his wife, readily offered the best the hovel afforded to lodge the knight; with great difficulty they helped him to the cottage, where the ladies left him, informing Edda, that they would call the next day.

On the way to Monkcliffe, they discoursed on the event, which gave great uneasiness to Elwina, while on the con-

trary, Adeline was quite elated, the kind desires at last have smiled, and sent one of us a lover, for such I dare say he will prove."—"How ridiculous a supposition, my dear sister; he may be engaged, if not united, to some fair of the court."

"Doubtless he may," replied the lively Adeline;—but, if not, fair lady, take care of your heart; if it is not adamant, he looks like a swain formed to subdue the fortress."

"Take care of your own, my dear girl; but let us think, whether it may not be proper to relate the story first to my mother; Sir Archibald, may perhaps think we acted wrong; humanity threw us off our guard, and we certainly ought not to have attended him to the cottage; but have consulted Lady Burnett."

To this, Adeline agreed, but could not regret meeting with the stranger; not that she was in love with him; but thought it a good beginning, towards making some change in their society, of whose dullness Adeline often complained; as her mind could not find amusement and recreation, in the amiable duties and pursuits of Elwina.

As they approached the abbey, they were met by Lady Burnett, and Margaret her attendant. "Where have you been so long, my dear children? I was quite uneasy at your stay; and am come forth to meet you, my fair Blossoms." Adeline summoning her courage, related the adventure they had met with.

Lady Burnett praised their humanity,—tho' she did not approve the mode of their bestowing it; as she held it not decorous for such young ladies to venture out of their own grounds, as they might be waylaid by assassins; as doubtless had been the case with their youthful knight.

She hastened in, to inform Sir Archibald of the event; which gave him great concern, for fear it might disturb his quiet way of life, by discovering the place of his retreat; but, fearful of the stranger's life, he hastened to Anthony's cottage, charging his daughters not to go out without attendants; nor to leave the abbey grounds.

On his approaching the humble shed, what was his surprise, on beholding Albert de Clerville, a young nobleman of high repute for learning, and elegance of manners, according to the then fashionable mode; he was the son of a highly revered friend of Burnett's; who

had many a day shared the toil of battles; where victory had always crowned the two heroes with laurels.

He found the young man very weak, and some fever; but perfectly sensible. Edda had acquainted him with the circumstance of the young ladies relieving him; and he was eager to return his thanks.

Sir Archibald, having given every requisite orders for the immediate removal of Albert de Clerville, to the abbey, returned home, and acquainted his daughters, that the stranger was restored to his senses, to their great joy, as doubtless he owed his life to their services.—

Albert de Clerville was brought on a litter to Monkcliffe, in a most favourable state; but the second day, he was most unfortunately taken with a violent fever, and given over by the family physician. Sir Archibald, distracted for his young favourite's life, dispatched a messenger to the county town, for a famed surgeon, who returned with the servant, and remained some time with the family.

At length Albert recovered, to the extreme felicity of his worthy host and family! as he was too weak to continue his journey, he remained at the Abbey; as Sir Archibald wished to know the reason of his being found in that wounded state, Albert recited his adventures, as soon as he was able to join the domestic circle;

“After the death of my father, which happened five years since,—I accepted of a lucrative place in the present government.—I continued in it three years; but finding the army more to my taste, I exchanged with lieutenant Villers,—and commenced soldier. I became intimate with a young officer, Edward Barry, who belonged to the same regiment of cavalry as myself: our inclinations and pursuits were the same; and we were—more than friends, we regarded each other as brothers.

“Such a friendship did not seem likely to terminate in a short space; but unspeakable and intricate are the paths of mortals! a grand tournament was proclaimed in the tilt yard: the prize we contended for, was a miniature, to be given by Lady Sophia Clifford, an elegant interesting female, one of the ornaments of the court. At the appointed time, appeared a warlike youth, his armour and accoutrements sumptuous to behold, mounted on a

stately courser; his helmet of green and gold with white plumes waved in the wind; but his vizor was down.

“ The herald having read the proclamation, the knight flung down his gauntlet, which I instantly picked up, and the rencontre began: he parried the strokes with great dexterity, for some time; but at length, rushing fiercely on the knight, I dismounted him, and shivered his lance in pieces.

“ His vizor now dropt on the ground; and, to my utter surprise and confusion, I found the vanquished knight to be Edward Barry.

“ I advanced to receive my prize from the hand of the lovely Sophia, who appeared greatly hurt at the ill success of her champion, and bestowed it with looks that by no means enhanced the value of the gift.—Lord Clifford and his two sons, who were present, highly extolled my gallantry and bravery, and invited me to a sumptuous entertainment at Clifford house.

I accompanied them home, with a numerous train of nobles and fair ladies; the banquet was elegant, and the sounding instruments called the youthful knights and their fair partners to join the mazy dance.

According to the custom, I danced with the beautiful Sophia, whose lovely portrait I wore suspended by a ribbon from my neck.—She seemed to relax the severity of her manners, and many a youth might have highly flattered himself by her smiles;—but, honoured as I felt myself,—I can truly aver her charms made no impression on my heart.

“ The next morning I went to visit Barry, not in the least expecting the reception I met with; I had not even in thought anticipated the breaking of our friendship by the event of the tournament.

“ Edward received me with great coldness; but had the boldness to ask me to resign the portrait.—I certainly should not have entered the lists, had I known my competitor was Barry; yet though I had no regard for the lady, I must own I could by no means think of so lightly parting with my present. He seemed enraged, and we parted with high words.—As soon as he had recovered his fall,—he waited on Lady Sophia, of whom he had long been a favoured suitor; she promised to

grant him the reception of a favourite lover, when he had regained my miniature.

He sought me out, and with great arrogance again demanded the unfortunate likeness. I refused with warmth, and told him his behaviour was unlike a soldier or man of honour; that from the lady's hands I received it, to her I might possibly restore it; and, challenging him to single combat on an appointed day, I left him overwhelmed with wrath.—

I repaired to Lord Clifford's and presented it to Sophia; acquainting her, in polite terms, that I was sorry she did not think me worthy of the prize I had gained; but if it caused her uneasiness, however repugnant to my inclinations, I would restore it.—She blushed, and made me a low courtesy; then replied, she thought me highly worthy of a better prize than so trifling a recompence; that my behaviour had been so honourable, that she should respect it with gratitude and admiration; that this circumstance had made her unhappy with respect to Edward, to whom she owned herself attached, though against the approbation of Lord Clifford.

After we had continued in discourse some time, I thought proper to depart; when, bending on my knee, I kissed the miniature, and was presenting it to her, when Edward entered, with furious looks.—“Vile caitiff!” he exclaimed, “not content with vanquishing me in contest, but thou must here in private poison the ears of my love.”—

“It's false!” exclaimed Sophia, “your friend is honourable; but, as I find your temper so violent, here I restore the portrait to de Clerville—tis his by conquest.

Barry, when we meet, let it be as strangers; your ignoble jealousy and doubts have quite destroyed all sentiments of love, and scorn has filled my breast.”

Sophia was about to retire, when, catching hold of her train, I humbly besought her to take pity, and forgive her lover, whose ardent temper had forerun his reason; but Edward, hastily drawing his sword, demanded satisfaction on the spot for the wrongs he had received, in words of the most discourteous language: I drew, and rushing desperately on each other, we both fell at the same moment, desperately wounded; the screams of lady Sophia soon roused the family;—Lord Clifford, as

soon as he could recover his surprise, ordered us immediate accommodation in his hospitable mansion.

Sorry am I to relate, that on our recovery, Edward sought my life with unavailing fury; the more so, as Lord Clifford had refused any overtures of a matrimonial alliance between him and Sophia.—Lord Clifford, I must own, did me the honour of proposals to become his son in law: to be united to the family might have promoted a desire in the breast of one who only sought for grandeur; but, unwilling to take a wife whose heart was not united to mine by affection, and who was too much a coquette to suit my taste, made me refuse the offer; which, couched in polite terms, I could plainly perceive gave great pique to the house of the noble lord.

This unfortunate miniature having given me such trouble, I returned it in an elegant casket to Sophia. Finding the furious Edward would hear of no terms of accommodation; and harrassed by the late affair, which was universally known, and the common subject of conversation,—and different turns given to the subject quite foreign to the truth, that it became quite irksome;—and I resolved to visit a small estate in the highlands, having obtained leave of absence.

I mounted my horse, and with an easy journey proceeded on my route.

Which I kept secret from any one, till near the edge of the wood I was met by a base assassin; he was loosely clad in a light armour, and by his dress seemed of no common rank,—nor did plunder seem the object of his career.—Without speaking a single sentence or giving any signal for combat, he drew his lance, and plunged it in my breast, and I instantly fell from my horse. As the villain thought he had pierced my heart—he rode off full speed, leaving me for dead on the ground. I have to return my thanks to these fair ladies, as being, next to heaven, the means of my preservation.—Sir Archibald, and you, worthy lady,—I return you thanks for your kind hospitality, which shall ever be remembered with gratitude.”

Sir Archibald thanked him for his confidence; but warmly intreated him to drop his intentions of pursuing his journey, and to make the abbey his residence till his

return to his regiment ; when he might be able to trace his enemies without endangering his person, which the knight was assured was inveterately sought for by Edward Barry, and his adherents.

To this scheme Albert agreed with rapture ; and Lady Burnett was pleased, to see the brow of Sir Archibald resume his wonted pleasantry in conversation with his young friend ; relating the dangers he had braved in the last reign, and describing the active part he and the old de Clerville had borne in sieges and the heat of battle, which made him glow with ardour as he related his youthful glory when he shone in arms.

Though Albert had kept his heart secure amid the dazzling beauties of the court, yet he feared he was now wounded by Cupid's arrow, without hope of success ; for the volatile spirit of Adeline, joined to her native pride, made him unwilling to disclose his passion, for fear of a repulse.—The romantic turn of Albert's mind forbade him to apply to her parents, as he resolved to wed no woman till first assured she preferred him to all other men.—

As they had kept strict watch round the woods and grounds belonging to the abbey, and no danger appearing to impede the way, the ladies now resumed their visits to the cottages.—Adeline seldom accompanied them ; but remained in her own apartment, employed in some trivial pursuit, or the decoration of her person.

Albert, out of politeness, was obliged to accompany Lady Burnett and Elwina ; and though he could not avoid observing the difference of the disposition of the two sisters, yet he sighed for Adeline, while his mind sanctioned the amiable traits he had observed in Elwina ; so wayward is the human heart.

Elwina gradually lost her spirits, love, overpowering love, had taken possession of her bosom, and she in secret, sigh'd for Albert ; while the many little attentions he paid to her sister did not pass unperceived, and she mourned in secret her ill-fated attachment. Lady Burnett tenderly enquired the cause of her dejection ; but received for answer, nothing that could enable her to trace the cause. Oft would she wander along the unfrequented parts of the building, and sigh in secret.

This part, which contained the monastic cells, led through the cloisters to an ancient chapel,—which had not been used since the monks had left the abbey; there being one in the centre of the building that was used by the family for divine worship.—The altar and ornaments of the chapel still remained, though mouldering to decay; adjoining was a vault in which the superiors had been interred; at the end was a small door that led through to the cemetery, or church yard—here the graves were unmarked by any thing but the rising turf, shrubs and evergreens scattered, the yew tree, and the mountain ash.

On one side was a long and shady row of elms,—at the end of which was a small enclosed space, with a monumental urn of Stephano Burnett de Monkcliffe first founder of the abbey, which he endowed with considerable gifts:—he retired many years after the first foundation, in grief for the loss of Rachelda, his wife, and became prior of the order.—This part of the abbey was avoided by the domestics and neighbouring peasants,—through superstitious awe, and gloomy imaginations of its being haunted.

This had long been a favourite walk of Elwina's; she was fond of exploring the cells, and found her curiosity amply gratified; as, from the few number of years it had been abdicated, she found several vestiges remaining of its former possessors.—The part of the abbey they inhabited—was distant, and had been detached for the convenience of Sir Archibald and his family, and the rest suffered to fall to decay.—

One evening, as Elwina was walking along by the elm trees, on her return home, she was startled to behold a human figure walking before her at some distance, in a monastic habit, with a cowl over his face—She stopped, and leaned against a tree, till she could recover her surprise; there was no path to the abbey, but that which led through the cloisters,—which she must of necessity go through.—Summoning all her fortitude, she continued her walk through the church yard—the monk walking slowly before her, till in an avenue that turned towards another part of the building she lost sight of him. She hastened into the abbey, where she found Albert and her sister a-

musings themselves at chess.—Lady Burnett gently chided her for staying so late.

Albert, observing she looked pale, eagerly enquired the cause, with so much tenderness, that Elwina, overcome with different sensations of an agonised mind, fainted away.—On her recovery she was conveyed to her chamber, where she related to Lady Burnett the object of terror which had caused her such affright. Her mother comforted her, with supposing it was a brother of some distant convent,—who was gratifying his curiosity ;—though she thought it strange he should intrude without permission. The next morning Elwina appeared perfectly recovered, and was rallied heartily by her father and Albert, on her terror at a peaceable friar.

The ladies having breakfasted, proposed taking a walk. Albert accompanied them in a pleasant ramble through the adjacent meadows.—On their return to the abbey, Albert expressed a wish to visit the monastic part of the edifice, which hitherto he had disregarded :—his remarks and conversation gave great pleasure to Elwina, which she replied to with cheerfulness ; but the converse they had entered into being too serious for Adeline, she ridiculed them with a vivacity by no means pleasing to her sister.—On their entering the chapel, which was dedicated to the virgin,—Elwina perceived a small folded paper, which picking up, she put it into her pocket unnoticed. They having surveyed the edifice, were returning through the great hall, when they heard a dismal shriek ! Margaret rushed in, and, falling at their feet, exclaimed “ O, my dear mistress, my good lady is no more ! ”

Albert hastened in, and found that Lady Burnett, having been afflicted with an apoplectic fit, that instant had expired as they reached the house.—Margaret, in her fright, going to seek them, incontinently uttering this exclamation.—He returned to the hall, where he found the ladies in an agony of grief.

He accompanied them to the saloon, where the poor lady was laid on the sofa. Sir Archibald, senseless with grief, was kneeling by her side, accompanied by the chaplain, the doctor, and domestics, in solemn prayer ; which being ended, he embraced his weeping daughters, and, with a pathetic voice, besought them to mitigate their grief.—“ Soon, my dear girls, I shall be no more,

you will then want a protector.”—“ Never while I have a being,” exclaimed Albert, and pressed them both to his bosom with the affectionate warmth of a brother. Sir Archibald, pressing his hand, hastily withdrew, to conceal emotions he could not conquer.

The ladies retired to their apartment, to give vent to their grief.

They sat discoursing till a late hour, when Elwina looking through a casement, the moon shining bright on the stream meandering through the grounds, she perceived through the trees, at a considerable distance, a party of horse advancing towards the abbey. Alarmed at the sight, she called Adeline to the casement, where, to their utmost terror, they saw them advancing up the grand avenue to the abbey.—

Before they could alarm the household, the guards had entered, and seized Sir Archibald, as a traitor to the king, for some events that had passed some time before his retirement.—The good old man earnestly begged to be confined to his castle, and not removed till the interment of his dear wife;—but in vain, the next morning they departed for the Tower—deputing to Albert—the care of the funeral, and the protection of the ladies.

The weeping fair ones mourned day and night these calamities, and refused all comfort; for some time they heard nothing of Sir Archibald, which gave them great uneasiness.—The time of Lady Burnett’s lying in state being expired, the funeral took place at the cathedral of the county, according to her desire.

The time for Albert’s departure being arrived, he claimed a gift from each of the ladies. Adeline presented him with a scarf of her own work, which he instantly bound round his bosom: Elwina presenting him with a ring from her finger; and, in a faltering voice, besought him to remember her father.—There was something so tender and pathetic in her manner, that it touched the strings of Albert’s heart,—at once with pity and respect for the lovely maiden.

They accompanied him on horseback some miles of his journey, when he left them, promising to return as soon as the event of Sir Archibald’s impeachment was known.

On their return home, something startling Adeline's horse, it rushed forward with such velocity, that its mistress was dashed on the ground with such force that she lay senseless, covered over with blood.—Elwina and the attendants hastened to her assistance; but, before they could arrive at the spot,—a youth of the most noble deportment had raised her from the ground, and supported her in his arms;—while her faint sighs were the only signs of life.

By the assistance of Elwina and the attendants, they helped Adeline into an adjacent castle, belonging to the duke of B——n, who had flown to render his assistance. They were received with great kindness by the mother and sisters of the duke, whose name was Henry Le Clerc. As the removal of Adeline was thought unsafe,—the duchess, with her daughters Eleanor and Ursula,—insisted on their staying with them. Elwina accepted their protection for her sister;—but, anxious to return to the abbey, she could not be prevailed on to stay, but promised to visit them in a few days. The duke attended her to the gates, and then taking a polite leave left her with great courtesy.

She remained in anxiety some time, as she heard no news of her father or Albert; from the latter she wished anxiously to hear, and resolved to stifle her passion for him in her heart, as she had no hopes of his returning her love. But he had promised to write news of Sir Archibald; why he did not, extremely puzzled her, and brought the most melancholy impressions on her mind.—

Walking as usual in the cloisters of the abbey, she recollected the paper she had picked up; and seating herself at the foot of one of the statues, perused it—sorrow having made her forget it till the present hour; it was wrote with a pencil, in disjointed sentences, which bespoke a troubled mind; it had partly been erased, but she could plainly perceive the words of Albert and remembrance of past vows,—that it was a man's writing was certain, but how it came in so obscure a place was a strange circumstance; it was plain that it had been but newly written. That Albert's name should be inserted was still more difficult to resolve; when revolving in her mind this strange circumstance, she missed her path, and, instead of return-

ing by the road she came, went down an arch way of the building, which led to some cells that had not been used for above two centuries, and anciently belonged to some monks of St. Bartholomew; whose rigid laws the Carthusians, founded by Monkcliffe, had not observed, but had built their cells more airy and convenient for their health and the duties of their calling.

Few of these cells were left extant; but these, not interfering with the other cells, were left in respect and remembrance to the late order. The road to these being so dismal, and not exactly meeting the eye, had not been explored for time immemorial.

Elwina, perceiving her mistake, was going to return; but perceiving a door open on the right hand, curiosity, that reigning passion of the female breast,—prompted her to enter. What was her surprise, to find a cell that seemed to have been lately, if not at present, inhabited! on a small table lay a crucifix, a book of prayers, and a wooden bowl;—casting her eyes round she perceived some straw, which seemed to have been the bed of the wretched inhabitant.

On the shelf was a paper with an elegant miniature of a most beautiful lady;—with a motto of faith, truth, and love, engraved on the reverse, which was of gold.

On the paper were written the following lines:

Melpomene, to thee I tune  
My morning song, my evening lay;  
Friendship and love alike I've lost,  
And here a wretched wanderer stray.

What to a mind deprived of rest  
Can earth or all its wealth impart?  
Can all its glittering gems, or gold,  
Assuage the torments of my heart?

Might I one boon of heaven request,  
One anxious wish is all I crave;  
Some pitying cherub guide my steps,  
That I may find De Clerville's grave!

There, might I expiate thy wrongs,  
My blood for thine should there atone :  
Yet—let me pause—can suicide  
Appease the Almighty on his throne ?

No ; rather let me fast and pray,  
And watch the rising of the sun,  
That annually revives the day  
On which the fatal deed was done.

Yet, O ! before that mournful time,  
May grief dissolve my wasted frame !  
May I lay down this load of life !  
'This is the boon I have to claim.

O lovely maid—  
Well might—thou—

Elwina presently observed that the hand writing was the same—with the paper she had found in the chapel.—she was struck with horror and astonishment, when she reflected, that, perhaps, this victim of sorrow ere now had died through grief ; or, perhaps, had committed some rash deed !—But, fearful of indulging her thoughts in this dismal place,—she deposited the paper with the picture on the shelf,—and returned with emotions of sorrow.

She recollected the monk who had so much alarmed her in the cemetery, and resolved for the future to chuse another walk. “ This poor wretch,” says Elwina to herself, has doubtless committed some deed, in a phrenzy of ungoverned passion, for which he now mourns in sincere repentance ; if he still lingers here I will not deprive him of his abode, secrecy shall dwell on my lips ; but would to heaven he had some more comfortable abode.”

She had now regained the cloisters, and observing all the different avenues, and perceiving no object, she recovered herself in some degree, and sitting down at the door of the chapel burst into a flood of tears,—after she had sat some little time, she resolved to visit the chapel—for the last time, as she had determined to visit its ruins no more, till the return of the family—

Kneeling at the foot of the altar, she offered up fervent prayers for the safety of her father; in retracing her steps down the narrow isle, she gently sighed forth the name of Albert De Clerville. "Albert De Clerville," said a faint hollow voice, "who calls on that name?" said a pale figure, rushing out of a vault belonging to the chapel;—and falling at Elwina's feet.—

She shrieked aloud,—her feet refused their office; and she sunk down by the side of the stranger, in an agony of terror.

At length, she raised her feeble form from the ground, but had received a contusion on her forehead, which bled copiously; she recollected the dress of this hapless wretch to have been the same worn by the monk, in the churchyard, she recoil'd at the thoughts of his being a murderer, and her whole frame shook with horror.—

But could she leave him here to perish?—he still breathed, but his form was emaciated with want,—his cowl had fallen off, and discovered an elegant visage, but strongly marked with the traces of grief.

Elwina hastened as fast as her tottering steps would let her, to the abbey,—and related to the frightened domestics that she had received her hurt by a fall,—but concealed the circumstance of the unfortunate stranger, from all but Margeret, her faithful friend. This excellent woman had been the companion, friend, and nurse, of Lady Burnett, in her tedious decline—and now continued her grateful services to the daughters; but Elwina was her darling.—

After she had dressed her wound, which was but slight,—she returned with her to the chapel,—but the youth was gone—Elwina then led the way to the cells, humanity getting the better of horror;—the trembling Margaret, naturally superstitious and bigotted, every limb shaking with terror, and calling on all the saints in the calendar to protect her, slowly followed her mistress.

Here, as her mind predicted, she found the unfortunate man, laying on his straw; "What! art thou come again, sweet angel, to bless me ere I die?—what brings thee to this dreary place?"

Holy friar?" asked Margaret.—"I am no friar," said the stranger.—"Heavenly Jesu!" exclaimed Margaret, "What art thou then?"—"A murderer! a base wretch,

sinking into the grasp of death, with all my crimes to answer for!"

Margaret shrieked aloud, but Elwina waved her hand for her to be silent,—she offered him some refreshments, she had brought with her, he for some time refused to taste any thing; but overcome by their tears and persuasions, he at length accepted them; this seemed to revive his spirits—and he went on.

"For some time, I have lived on nothing but the produce of the fields—being unable to walk, as usual, to a very distant village, to purchase food; for three days, I have had no sustenance whatever; and I crawled to this vault, in hopes to surrender that life among the tombs, now become so hateful;—when, hearing the name of Albert de Clerville pronounced, I thought it was some spirit called, and frantic I rushed into the chapel; I just beheld thee, sweet lady, and fainted with weakness at your feet; on my recovery I found you gone; fearful you would alarm the family,—I reached this cell and laid me down to die!—

"How long hast thou dwelt here?" said Margaret—"Four long months; but tell me, sweet lady, didst thou know Albert?" "Yes," replied Elwina, with a sigh. "Perhaps thou lovedst him, and weep his fate?" said he. "What fate?" said the affrighted attendant. "I murdered him."

"When? where? how!" shrieked out Elwina. Margaret dropped on her knees.—

"Near to the end of the wood, some months since, he fell by my hand; would I could recal the treacherous blow!—I then might, once more, have been blest, and shared his friendship.—But I have mourned his loss both day and night with never ceasing sorrow!"—

Margaret arose from the ground—exclaiming, "I am glad of it; thank God for it! you shall grieve no longer. Lord be merciful to you; I will set all to rights."

"You are Edward Barry; are you not?" said Elwina.

"I am indeed that wretch; but how are you acquainted with my story? tell me, sweet lady, where is de Clerville's grave? do his bones rest here!"

"He lives, I hope."

"Lives! blessed be God! it is impossible! speak, fair angel, repeat again those blessed words, he lives!"

Sophia will not refuse her hand! Albert, where art thou?"

Overcome with emotion, he now raved incoherently.—Margaret went and fetched an exhilarating cordial; and lighting a fire,—prepared every thing necessary, and commenced her office as nurse.

Elwina had the happiness in a few days to see her patient restored to some degree of convalescence—she, by degrees, related Albert's adventures, to the great satisfaction of Edward, who acquainted her, that, stung with remorse, he repaired to Sophia, and, bidding her a last farewell, parted from her in anguish; that though she upbraided him with his cruelty to his friend—whom she cleared of making any professions of love to her—yet her former love returning, to soothe their parting she had presented him with the picture Albert had restored. The generosity of his friend now struck forcibly on his mind,—and he repaired to this spot, which he had once seen when he was travelling with his tutor; and he preferred it, from its vicinity to the place where he supposed that he had committed murder. He had made several enquiries among the cottagers about the body, but without success.—He was now able to walk; and all concealment being now useless, he became the guest of Elwina, who had no doubts of reconciliation when Albert returned—which, to her great joy, he did in a few days, accompanied by her father, who had been honourably acquitted—his ancient estate restored, with the title of the Earl of Monkcliffe bestowed on him by his sovereign.

They wrote the next day of his enlargement to the abbey; but the courier had not performed his office. Lord Monkcliffe was highly displeased with Adeline, for absenting herself from the abbey so long after she was able to return.—He determined to go to the duke's chateau the next morning, and bring her home.—Albert offered to accompany him;—but this he declined, as he intended to make another visit, where he wished to be alone.

As soon as he had taken some refreshment, Lord Monkcliffe departed.

Elwina repaired to the library, where Albert sat indulging himself with the thoughts of Adeline's return; when Elwina with a lively air, presented him with Lady Sophia's picture.

“Here is a present for you, my dear friend!” said she, and hastily withdrew.

He was some time before he could recover his surprise.—He hastened to the saloon,—for an explanation, Elwina was not there—and he was going to retire, when Margaret stopt him, and related all the foregoing particulars.—

Albert could not suppress his manly tears at the relation; Margaret conducted him to the cemetery, where he found Elwina and his friend awaited him; a perfect reconciliation now took place, and they walked down the road to meet Lord Monkcliffe—and Adeline.

But he returned alone;—and, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks, informed them,—that Adeline was married that morning to the duke of B——n, and had set off for the capital,—he by no means liked the duke’s character and principles; but Adeline’s secrecy and disobedience, when she thought him in distress, and unkindness to her sister, greatly distressed him.—

Albert was much hurt; and, exclaiming against the coquetry of the sex, took Edward’s arm and walked on; while Elwina rode home in the chariot with her father.

De Clerville related to his friend his ill success with Adeline, whom he owned had given him encouragement to hope.—On some hints given by his friend of Elwina’s attachment to him, a thousand circumstances rushed on his mind, and confirmed the pleasing truth.

By this time they arrived at the abbey.—Elwina had acquainted her father with the name and adventures of his guest,—whom he received with great civility.—

Albert was greatly rejoiced to be reconciled to his friend; and soon after, having gained the lovely Elwina’s consent, they were united—with the entire approbation of Lord Monkcliffe;—who presented Edward with a colonel’s commission on the joyful occasion—

Lord Clifford being reconciled, on the mediation of Albert, he was blest with his Sophia.—

The duchess figured away with eclat; but the mild Elwina and her beloved partner remained with Lord Monkcliffe at the abbey,—a pattern of domestic virtues.

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# LOPEZ AND ARANTHE;

OR

## THE SUICIDE.

A SPANISH STORY.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

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**D**ON Velasquez was a grandee of Spain, a nobleman possess of vast riches, and in great favour with his monarch; he was in his thirty-fifth year, but had never been married.—In consequence of a disappointment he had met with some years back, he had seriously resolved on a state of celibacy, and refused several overtures that had been made by different gentlemen, who would have been proud of his alliance for their sisters or daughters.

But what what was their surprise and astonishment, when Don Velasquez espoused Melina, the daughter of a poor cottager on his estate! this circumstance, so opposite to his former vows, and condition of life, was the reigning conversation at Madrid, when Don Lopez arrived from his tour with his tutor; he was nephew to Don Velasquez, and consequently expected to be his heir.

He was for a while choaked with rage: but, being persuaded by Monsieur Villette, his tutor, a lively Frenchman, to moderate his passion;—he resolved to visit his uncle.—

Accordingly, they set out the next morning, to a small villa that he had, about five miles distant, where Velasquez and Donna Melina at present resided;—he received his nephew and friend with a civility that bordered more on ceremony than friendship; but the reception of Donna Melina was much more flattering and polite.

She was lovely in her person, which only seemed equalled by the graces of her mind; Lopez was amazed at the appearance of his aunt, whom he expected to find an awkward country girl, ignorant and void of polite and fashionable accomplishments.—

He was at a loss to account for this mystery: and resolved to apply to her attendant for information;—but this was fruitless, she had been hired since their union,—and consequently, was a stranger to the family of her lady; any more than Lopez, had been informed before, of her mean extraction.—

He beheld with malignity—the cordiality that subsisted between her and Don Velasquez, which was strengthened by the birth of a son, of whom the father was doatingly fond; this circumstance entirely rendered all thought of possessing his uncle's estate vain;—he behaved with so much haughtiness to Donna Melina, that his absence was become desirable;—

Accordingly Velasquez procured him a post at Seville of great value, which, added to the fortune left him by his father, would enable him to make an appearance suitable to his birth, and reflected with pleasure that he had done his duty.

Lopez departed for Seville, with expressions of gratitude, that he did not feel; Monsieur Villette went with him as secretary: on the road the conversation turned on Donna Melina.

‘What think you of my aunt, Charles? is she not an extraordinary being?’

‘She is all that’s amiable,’ replied Villette; ‘and her beauty is extreme!’

‘That I readily grant; but yet my uncle’s marriage surprises me,—if he must turn fool, in spite of all his protestations, why thus debase himself?’

‘The marriage of a man of his years, is neither ridiculous nor surprising.’

‘Not in point of age, I allow;’ replied Lopez, ‘but the disparagement of rank.’

‘She is now raised to his; and her virtues deserve it.’

‘You seem a warm advocate for Melina,’ said Lopez, with a frown that silenced Villette, who presently turned he discourse.—

They had now reached the borders of a forest, when one of the horses, being frightened, reared up, and with great force broke the reins, and snapt the pole asunder;—the rest of the horses taking the alarm, set off with velocity, and overturned the carriage in the middle of the road,—Lopez was not materially hurt; but Villette's arm was unfortunately broken,—

A reverend and respectable looking man now made his appearance, and desired them to accept of an apartment in his cottage, for the gentleman.—This offer they received with thanks, and they conveyed Villette into this small, but neat habitation; a surgeon was sent for, who, examining the fracture, gave them favourable hopes:—Lopez resumed his journey the next morning;—Charles promising to join him at Seville, as soon as ever he was able.—

The family consisted of Don Sebastian, a widower, and two daughters; the eldest was a lively brunette, with a most expressive, animated countenance, her eye beaming joy and delight.

Such was Floretta,—who was admirably contrasted by her fair sister Aranthe, who, lovely in form, and beautiful as a fabled goddess,—drooped like a flowret, beaten by a storm, towards an early grave; impressive sorrow, marked her countenance; her words were gentle as the summer breeze; she complained not,—but now and then a soft sigh escaped her bosom, and a pearly tear stole down her cheek!—The attentions of her father and sister were tender in the extreme; but they seemed to give no comfort to the afflicted mourner.

He had a son, Antonio, at sea, and a daughter married that was settled in a distant province.

They had but two domestics, Ursula, a young country lass; and Beatrice, an aged woman; who attended Villette, with great kindness: he enquired of her, the cause of dejection in her young Lady,—but the dame informed him, that she did not know, but supposed the cause was disregarded love.

Aranthe had accompanied a lady of fashion, to Paris, where they staid some time; before that event, she was lively as Floretta, but since her return she was absorbed

in melancholy;—but no intreaties could prevail on her to tell the cause; ‘I am afraid she is not long for this world,’ sigh’d out Beatrice, ‘she deserved a better fate.’—

He also learnt that Don Sebastian had been an officer of considerable merit, in the army; but, on his marriage with his late wife, he retired and settled upon this small estate, which belonged to her late mistress.

‘But we expect my master’s son, Antonio; God bless him for a sweet youth! with him comes his friend, Frederick, who has long been betrothed to Floretta. I hope these joyful tidings will make my dear Aranthe better; this love is a sad thing, Monsieur!’

‘I hope you do not speak by experience, my good woman?’ said Villette, laughing.

‘Ah, sir, it is a passion of which both the poor and rich feel the effects; it is a blessed thing, where true lovers are united,’ said the good woman, as she left the apartment.

Monsieur Villette, touched with pity for Aranthe, now redoubled his attentions to soothe her melancholy hours, and often had the satisfaction to see a transient smile illumine her faint countenance!—Charles being recovered, prepared to join his friend at Seville: Don Sebastian, and Floretta, made him promise to call at the cottage, every time he passed that way, which he readily assented to. The chaise being arrived;—he went to take leave of Aranthe before he set out.

She was seated in the arbour, at the end of a walk, in which jessamine, honey suckles, and fragrant seringo, were interwoven;—she was playing on her guitar, accompanied with these words:

A pilgrim, clad in sober grey,  
Arose, and with the dawn,—  
He took his staff and went his way,  
With aspect most forlorn.

To famed Loretto’s tomb he went,  
And there he made a vow:  
To be a pilgrim all his life,  
No house, nor home to know.

'Twas love! 'twas unrequited love,  
That faded his fair form;  
Corroded so his youthful heart,  
He sunk beneath the storm.

The friars took this man of woe,  
And chaunting each a stave,  
They strewed rosemary and rue,  
And laid him in the grave.

She ended, with an air so pathetic, that it thrilled thro' the soul of Villette; he now entered the arbour;—she received his farewell, with a sorrowful countenance; she told him that she found herself soothed by his friendship, and should regret his absence; but thought they should meet no more in this world,—she was hastening fast to the next.

'Banish such ideas, my sweet girl, and drive sorrow from your bosom.'—

'Would I could; but it is too firmly rooted, to be removed but with life, monsieur; the past is without recal, and the future paths of my life without hope!'

Charles dropt a tear, on the hand of the weeping fair; on which he imprinted a respectful kiss, and hastened into the house;—where, taking leave of the kind family, he departed;—his mind filled with gratitude for their friendly treatment—

Lopez received him with pleasure,—and congratulated him on his recovery.

Lopez was never more happy than when engaged in vicious pursuits: his mind was continually planning some scheme of pleasure, which, as long as it benefitted or amused himself, he cared not for the happiness of others; Villette's sentiments were more refined;—but the evil example of his late pupil, now patron, had an ill effect upon Charles;—who, from the fear of offending Lopez, entered into all his schemes;—

They had already embroiled themselves in several petty quarrels, which might have brought on more serious consequences,—had they not been sent for, from Seville;—Velasquez having been indisposed some time, his illness

had now taken a more serious turn,—and he was desirous to see his nephew.

They accordingly set out for Madrid; but in their road called at Don Sebastian's, according to the promise of Charles—

He was informed by his old friend, Beatrice, that her young mistress, Floretta,—was married to Frederic; that she was gone to settle at Barcelona; that her master and Don Antonio were gone to Madrid; but that Aranthe was at home;

‘Who, I am sure, will be glad to see you; but in the mean time set down, Seigneurs, and I will bring you some refreshment, after so long a journey, it will no doubt be agreeable.’

Setting some wine, fruit, and biscuits before them, she departed to fetch her mistress—

‘Upon my soul, a very pretty adventure!—what are these girls?’ (for they were absent on a visit the time the accident took place). ‘No wonder you staid to nurse your arm so long; how sly you are, Charles;—was you afraid of my running away with your prize?’—

To all these questions, which were spoken in a breath, Charles only answered, ‘there is no adventure, sir, on my part;—and as for the lady, she is too serious for an amour;—without the eloquence of your tongue can do wonders.’

Aranthe's voice, being heard in the passage, Charles got up, and opening the door, saluted her, and led her into the parlour—‘This, madam, is my friend Don Lopez, who’—

‘Heavenly powers!’ exclaimed Aranthe, ‘it is Dorimont, or else my eyes deceive me.’ Overpowered with surprise, and almost breathless, she sunk on the carpet.

Lopez stood aghast, his countenance was of a deadly pale;—a glass of wine he had in his hand, he let fall to the floor, while he articulated, ‘What an alteration in that once beauteous face!’—deep compunction of conscience seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed,

‘Am I such a wretch!’

Charles had half raised her from the floor:—but Lopez, darting forward, stove to snatch her from Villette's arm.

She exclaimed, ‘off, base seducer! vile ungrateful

man!—dost thou come here, to triumph over this poor faded form?—to sting me with tortures worse than death? hence from my sight!’—

She attempted to withdraw; but, catching hold of Villette, actually fainted. Fearful of calling for assistance, lest Aranthe should not like Beatrice to find out a secret, she had so carefully guarded; he seated her in a chair; and giving her a glass of water, he untied a black velvet string from about her neck, to give her freer respiration; and drawing it out to lay it on the table, to his surprise, there was a smaller string attached to it; from whence was suspended a miniature of Lopez,—carefully concealed from observation.—

Charles remembered, when they were in France,—that Lopez had told him, he had lost this picture at the Opera.—

She now revived, and seemed more calm; but casting a look of anguish on Villette,—she said, ‘How could you have the cruelty to bring him here?’

‘Believe me, madam, it was unintentional on my part; the words and actions of you both are a mystery to me.’

‘No, Aranthe!’ exclaimed Lopez, ‘I have not had the meanness to make you the subject of conversation, nor wantonly expose you!’—

‘I acquit you of that charge, in respect of this lady; the rest of your apology I leave you to make to this afflicted girl, whose silent sorrows have often drawn the tear of pity from my eye.’

‘You plead well,’ replied Lopez, with a sneering smile—‘perhaps you have been the confidante of her silent woes?’

‘Dorimont, I was going to call<sup>st</sup> you; but, even in your name, I find you have deceived me; disturb not the only tranquillity I have left; here I weep my wrongs, (nay, frown not;) I repeat it, my wrongs,—in secret,—to no one have I disclosed my loss of honour: Mr. Villette will not disclose the story of my shame! I rest upon his honour without a doubt: then leave me, Don Lopez, leave me to die in peace.’

‘But, why then keep this miniature? surely—you must still regard the giver?’

‘ Too much, I fear ;’—replied Aranthe, ‘ but then I knew not half the deception, I now see—’

Lopez was about to utter something in vindication of himself;—but Aranthe left the room, without deigning to hear what he had to say’—

Charles, who was extremely hurt, at the confirmation of his patron’s villainy, now pressed him to depart ; which he did, without much seeming reluctance.—

On the road, Villette asked him how he came to be so ignorant of the abode of his mistress,—or where he had met with Aranthe.—

‘ In Paris ; she is a silly girl to fret in this manner ; what consequence is this honor, that she makes such a parade about ? ’twas her foolish qualms, that so soon made me sick of her.’

‘ I should be ashamed to avow it.’ said Villette.

‘ You are very free,’ replied Lopez, ‘ how long have you turned saint ?’

‘ I never had any pretensions to that title, seigneur ; but, thank my stars, in that respect, I have never been the seducer of innocence !’

‘ Why don’t you make love to Aranthe, Charles ?—She seems calculated to your pious temper,—now you are grown such an advocate for virtuous sentiments.’

‘ Not for worlds, would I hurt the feelings of such a woman;—who suffers such severe pangs, by self condemnation;—and still loves her base betrayer, while she must detest his actions.’

‘ Well, Charles, will you take the office of mediator, and persuade her to see me once more ?’

‘ Most readily, if you promise to make it on purpose to offer some reparation to her wrongs, and not to insult the victim of your falsehood.’

‘ Sdeath, you give your tongue great liberties, nad take upon you the freedom of speech to a greater extent, than I care to put up with.’

‘ Pardon me, Don Lopez,’ said Villette, ‘ though I am not many years older than yourself, and have had my share in most fashionable follies, yet I sometimes recollect I was your tutor, I am now your sincere friend ;—but I take a pride to say,—that neither by precept, or example, you learnt these dangerous vices from me ;—but, as the sub-

ject only seems to make us differ, let us drop it.—I wish not to interrupt the amity that has hitherto subsisted.’

Lopez bit his lip, and seemed hurt, but took the offered hand of Charles, and pressed it with cordiality.—

In a little time, they arrived at Madrid; they hastened to Don Velasquez, whom they found much worse than they had expected from the letter;—his disorder on the preceding day, had taken a dangerous turn—and the physicians had given him over, without any hopes.

They found him surrounded with his counsellors, and the necessary attendants of the law,—signing his will with a composed and steady countenance; he welcomed them with affection, and told his nephew his only request to him, was, to take care and protect Donna Melina, and his dear little Raymond:—that by his will he had bequeathed a considerable legacy to Villette, whom he wished to be preceptor to his son as soon as he was arrived at a proper age;—that his mother and Lopez, he appointed to be his guardians;—that, in case of the death of either of the guardians, he wished Charles to take that office:—

‘The estate I purchased in Catalònia is yours, my dear nephew: continue in the paths of virtue; and, when you marry, may you be as blest as I have been;—Melina is not old Godfred’s daughter, a cottager on my estate, though she has always past as such; he is ignorant of her extraction, but he has behaved with kindness to her; and, as such, I have rewarded him.

‘About three years before my marriage, he met with considerable losses in his farming stock;—and being seized with a dangerous illness, thought he should die—he requested to see me;—and always attentive to the calls of the afflicted, I waited on him immediately.—

‘After some preamble, he told me that he had an affair that lay heavy on his mind. ‘My good Seigneur, I am in want!—Melina, my love, retire into the next room.’

I was struck with the beauty and graces of her person.

‘Godfred, said I,’ ‘you are blest with a lovely girl!’

‘Ah! seigneur, that is my grief; she is not my daughter, nor do I know whose child she is!’

‘Some years ago,—I was driving my cattle along the road; I heard the piercing cry of an infant. I stopt, at

tentive to the sound—it seemed to proceed from a small inclosure of trees, near the road side—

‘Robert, my man that attended me in my farm, leapt over the hedge, and discovered a sweet infant, not above three weeks old,—wrapt in a rich mantle; in it was a bracelet of pearl, with a magnificent diamond—In all my distress, I have never parted with them; all my fear is, that I should now be obliged to part with them from mere necessity. Take them, Don Velasquez, I pray you; you will befriend the orphan,—I know the excellence of your heart; she is not informed of her being a foundling—

‘My wife who had lately lost her only child, took great delight in this sweet infant, and brought her up as our own, nor did she know any other, when my wife embraced her on her dying bed, and admonished her, on her future conduct in life.—

‘We thought it would make her unsettled, and unhappy—were she informed of it, but now, that death stares me in my face, the fate of this dear girl embitters my last moments.

‘Do not let that distress you, my good Godfred;—I will provide for Melina;—I will place her in a convent for education;—and take care that you want for nothing.’

He surrendered to me the mantle and bracelet;—but all my endeavours to trace her parentage were fruitless, though I doubt not, her birth is noble.—

Godfred recovered, and in my frequent visits to the convent, I became enamoured of Melina; disregarding her want of fortune, and not being answerable to any one for my conduct, I espoused her; and must do her the justice to say, that she behaved to me with such duty and kindness,—that she is the only cause of my regret, in leaving this world! God bless you, Lopez; and you, my dear Charles, be kind to Raymond!’

The gentlemen now withdrew;—and, before night, Don Velasquez breathed his last, to the great loss of his domestics and tenants, who sincerely lamented him.

As soon as the funeral was over, Lopez resigned his post officially, that he held at Seville, and prepared to depart for Catalonia; but first called on Charles, to procure him another interview with Aranthe, which, as he had passed his word, he endeavoured to fulfil.—

He took horse, and rode to Don Sebastian’s habitation;

he informed Aranche, of the task he had unwillingly undertaken : she positively refused to comply ; but informed him, that, if Lopez had any thing to communicate, she would receive a letter from him, but nothing farther.—

Villette was sorry to see her looks greatly altered for the worse ;—on his return, he told Lopez of the ill success of his mission. Lopez seemed greatly chagrined at what he termed her obstinacy ; and wrote a letter for Villette to take, which he promised should be the last one he would trouble him with—

When Villette arrived at the cottage, he found Aranche very ill, reclining on a sofa ; after perusing the letter, with a countenance full of indignation, she presented it to Charles,—who could not command his temper, when he found it contained, after a number of protestations of regard, an offer of a settlement, on condition of her accompanying him to Catalonia.—

‘ Good heavens ! of what can this wretch’s heart be made ? of what impenetrable stuff can it be made ? when he sees you in this wretched state, the victim of his wrongs.

‘ But tell me, dear Aranche, how did you meet with this wretch, for I can give him no other name ?

‘ That I will comply with,’ said she ‘ whatever pain it may give me ; but I will be as concise as possible.

‘ When I was at Paris, with Donna Clara, I unfortunately attracted the notice of your friend, who went under the name of Dorimont, he informed me that his father was a merchant of considerable property, whom he should disoblige if he married against his consent ; and desired our marriage might be private ; that I would keep it a secret from my relations, and Donna Clara—

‘ Numberless were the arts he used to ingratiate himself into my favor :—at last I gave consent to his measures, though I must own I did not like such clandestine proceedings ; but love and importunity overcame my scruples.

‘ Donna Clara was gone to the Opera ; Lopez came at the appointed hour, and brought with him a friar, and a young gentleman to witness the contract—

‘ We were married ; but still my mind was ill at ease. Don Lopez soon dropt the obsequious lover ; he seldom visited me, according to his appointments. I now found myself pregnant ; I communicated this intelligence to—Lopez ;

Dorimont, as I then called him.—I told him, I must beg leave to inform my family of my marriage; that I was sure, for my sake, they would not betray the secret—

‘ But what was my surprise and horror, when he informed me that I was not his wife;—but that as I would not yield upon other terms, he had contrived this method to get me in his power.—

‘ He informed me he was going to leave Paris shortly, and he would take me with him, offering me a settlement for life. This flung me into an agony of passion,—I could not utter a syllable;—he took the advantage of this—saluting me, he left the house, and told me he would call the next day.

I passed the night in unsufferable anguish; sometimes I thought it was not reality, that his words must be the effect of passion.—

‘ I resolved not to see him more; but, in the midst of this resolution, the servant introduced him;—he entered with an air of gaiety that gave me great disgust: he again pressed me to fly with him;—but finding me averse to any such proposal, abruptly told me, my obstinacy must be on my own head; that affairs of consequence called him from Paris; that he was not returning to our native country, but was going to England;—that if ever I thought proper to apply to him, I must send a letter to De Langer’s hotel, directed for Monsieur le Brun.

He now left me in agonies of mind that almost deprived me of my reason; nor have I seen him, till that time he accompanied you here.—

‘ Almost frantic, I flung myself at the feet of Donna Clara, and confessed the whole affair.—She inveighed bitterly against my weakness, but melting into pity, she proved herself a sincere friend:

‘ The business that brought her to Paris was now finished, but she protracted her stay for some time, till my delivery, when I was brought to bed of a dead child.

‘ Donna Clara wrote a letter to De Langer’s Hotel, acquainting Lopez with this circumstance; whether he received it, I know not; we now returned to Donna Clara’s house, which is a few miles from hence.—

‘ In a short time I came home,—where I have ever since remained, a victim to grief! this affair has never transpired, my family is not acquainted with it.

‘Grant, heaven, it never may! my brother’s sense of honour is nice; I wish not my last moments to be marked either with the blood of Lopez, or Antonio.—Villette, take one melancholy charge; restore this picture to the giver, with my sincere pardon for my wrongs.’

Villette returned home, where he gently expostulated with Lopez, for sending him with such a message: this took no effect; but when he told him the state of Aranthe, and produced the picture, with her melancholy pardon, his whole frame became agitated, while he exclaimed;

‘I am a murderer, a guilty wretch!—my sweet innocent Aranthe, would I could again see thee in that bloom of health and beauty, I so wantonly destroyed! O! I cannot survive her;—lead me to her; let me make atonement—at her feet!’

He became delirious, and in a high fever, calling on Aranthe and begging earnestly for death; he at length recovered, but continued in a weak state.

At length, Villette received news of Aranthe’s death; he tried to conceal it from Lopez.—But in vain—he had privately sent servants to Don Sebastian’s cottage,—and had learnt the fatal intelligence.

Don Sebastian had invited Charles to her funeral; he went, as he understood it was Aranthe’s desire, and rejoiced that his friend was ignorant of her death;—but in this he was mistaken—

The corpse was carried by young maidens in white, singing a funeral dirge—the mourners following behind, in melancholy procession!

No sooner was the ceremony finished, but they were alarmed, at the sound of a pistol just behind them; it was the unhappy Lopez. By the intercession of his family, he was buried in the same grave with unfortunate Aranthe, with this small inscription:

‘May heaven take them to its mercy!’

Villette was greatly shocked at the death of Lopez, and was a considerable time before he recovered the shock.

Lopez had made his will, and bequeathed his fortune and the estate in Catalonia to Charles;—who, soon after married Melina, with whom he lived in happiness and connubial bliss.

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# ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE.

## A TALE.

**T**HE last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains which surrounded the district of ——, when Edward de Courtenay, after two fatiguing campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, reentered his native village toward the end of August 1587. He had lost his father a few months before his departure from the continent, a loss which had occasioned him the most severe affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to seek, amid the din of arms, and the splendour of military parade, a pause from painful recollection. With slow and pausing steps he moved along the avenue of trees, that led to his paternal mansion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleasing obscurity; the solitary grandeur of his Gothic halls, impressed the imagination of Edward with deep sensations of solemnity and awe. Two gray-headed servants, who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate, and while the tears trickled down their withered cheeks, expressed with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor,

After some affectionate enquiries concerning the families of these old men, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant from the house; his filial affection, gave birth to the wish of lingering a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce however had he intimated this resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, assured him that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and upon enquiry, his terrified servants informed him, that for some months past, they and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the abbey, and that no one durst approach the place after sun-set. Edward, smiling at the superstitious fears of his attendants, turned into the great avenue, and striking off to the left, soon reached the river, on whose winding banks a pathway led to the abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the same year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued, however, to be a depositary for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for some centuries reposed in vaults built on the outside of the great west entrance of the church. In a spot adjacent to this ancient cemetery lay also the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior, as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep gray tints on all around.

The view of the abbey, dismantled and falling fast to decay, presented an image of departed greatness. Its fine Gothic windows and arches streaming with ivy, were only just perceptible through the dusk as Edward reached the consecrated ground, where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow. Having closed, however, his pious petitions for the soul of the deceased, he was rising from the hollow mould, and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amid the ruins, arrested his attention. Greatly astonished at a phenomenon so singular, and suddenly calling to remembrance the ghastly appearance and fearful reports made by his servants, he stood for some moments rivetted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which still continued to gleam steadily. Determined, however, to ascertain from what cause it proceeded, he approached the west entrance of the church; here the light appeared to issue from the choir, which being toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and passing the refectory and chapter-house, re-entered the church by the south portal near the choir. With footsteps light as air he moved along the damp and mouldering pavement, while pale rays gleaming from afar, faintly glanced on the shafts of some pillars seen in distant perspective down the great isle. Having now entered the choir, he could distinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and on approaching still nearer, dimly distinguished a human form kneeling opposite to it.

The curiosity of Courtenay being now strongly excited, he determined to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger was, and from what motives he visited, at so unusual an

hour, a place so solitary and deserted; passing therefore noiseless along one of the side isles, separated from the choir, by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length stood parallel with the spot—where the figure was situate, and had a perfect side view of the object of his search. It appeared to be a middle aged man, who was kneeling on a marble slab near the great altar, and before a small niche in the screen, which divides the choir from the east end of the church; in the niche was placed a lamp and crucifix: he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was shocked at the despair that seemed fixed in their expression; and was about to address the unhappy man, when groans, as from a spirit in torture, and which seemed to rend the very bosom from which they issued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miserable stranger prostrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes he arose, and drawing from beneath his garment an unsheathed sword, held it in his hands towards heaven, his eyes glared with the lightning of frenzy. At this instant, Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and was stepping forward with that view; his purpose was suddenly arrested by the sound of distant music, which stealing along the remote parts of the abbey, in notes that breathed a soothing and delicious harmony, seemed to arise from the viewless harps of spirits of the blest. Over the agitated soul of the stranger it appeared to diffuse the balm of peace; he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, and as the tones approached still nearer, the tears started in his eyes, and coursing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly instrument, yet gleaming in his grasp: this, however, with a heavy sigh, he now placed in a niche, and bowing gently forward, seemed to pray devoutly; the convulsions which had shaken his frame ceased; tranquillity sat upon his brow, while in strains that melted into holy rapture every harsh emotion, the same celestial music still passed along the air and filled the compass of the abbey.

Courtenay witnessed with sincere pleasure the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation tranquillize those features, which had been distorted by the struggles of remorse.

While Edward, in sacred regard to the noblest feelings of humanity, forebore to interrupt the progress of emotions so friendly to virtue and contrition, the music, which had gradually breathed fainter and fainter on the ear, now melted into air, and deep silence again pervaded the abbey. In a few moments was heard the echo of light footsteps, and presently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp, indistinctly beheld some object which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved toward the spot where the stranger was yet kneeling. His astonishment was increased when, on its approaching nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was clothed perfectly in white, except where the vest was bound by a black zone. The stranger, who had risen at her approach, embraced her with the most affectionate emotion; they were both silent, however, and both now kneeling, employed sometime in prayer.

Edward now saw before him the cause of those rumours and fears, which had been circulated in the neighbourhood; for, since the appearance of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the music to which he had lately listened with so much rapture, had its origin with her. In a still night these sounds might be heard to some distance, and, together with the glimmering of the light, would occasion no small alarm to the peasant, who should happen at that time to be passing near the abbey, and whose apprehensions, thus excited, might easily create some imaginary being.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, the interesting objects which had given them birth, had risen from their kneeling posture, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the sacred marble, when Edward determined, if possible, to trace them to the place of their abode. He had pursued them in this design unobserved through the choir, but upon their suddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloisters, the light streaming faintly on his figure, discovered him to the younger stranger, who, uttering a loud shriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now immediately rushing forward endeavoured to allay their apprehensions, by informing them of his name and place of residence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to visit the abbey.

While Edward was yet speaking, a ghastly paleness overspread the countenance of the elder stranger; it was momentary, however, for soon resuming his tranquillity, he addressed Courtenay, in a low but firm tone of voice. 'I will conduct you, sir, to the spot we inhabit, where, should you wish for an explanation of the extraordinary scenes you have been a spectator of this night, the recital, though it will cost me many struggles shall be given you; and I do this, strange as it may now sound to you, actuated by the recollection of past friendship.' Having said this, he and his beautiful partner moved slowly on, and Courtenay followed in silence.

They passed along a large portion of the cloysters, ascending some steps, entered what is called the dormitory. Here in two small chambers, were a couple of beds, and a small quantity of neat furniture, and here the stranger pausing invited Edward to enter. 'These rooms,' observed he, 'are my occasional habitation for at least twice a week during the night; but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and sufferings, I will endeavour to recal your recollection to your companion in arms upon the continent; for this purpose I will retire for a few minutes and put on the dress I usually come hither in. Edward ventured to ask the lady, if the exquisite performance he had listened to with so much delight, had not originated with her. A deep sigh at this question escaped her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears, while in tremulous accents she replied, that owing to the great relief and support her brother experienced from music, she always accompanied him to this place. At this instant the door opening, the stranger entered clothed in a mourning military undress, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himself, the light gleaming on his countenance, opposite Courtenay, who involuntarily started at his appearance. 'Do you not remember,' he exclaimed 'the officer who was wounded by your side at the battle of Zutphen?' 'My God;' cried Edward, 'can it be Clifford?'

'The same, my friend, the same,' he replied. 'You behold, Courtenay, the most miserable of men; but let me not pain my sweet Caroline by the recital of facts, which have already wounded almost to dissolution her tender heart:—we will walk, my friend, into the abbey; its awful gloom will better suit the dreadful tale I have to

unfold.' Saying this, and promising his sister to return in a few minutes, they descended into the cloysters, and from thence through the choir into the body of the church.

'Oh, my friend,' Clifford exclaimed, 'the spirits of those I have injured hover near us!' Beneath that marble slab, repose the relics of a beloved wife, the most amiable of her sex, and who owes her death to the wild suggestions of my jealous frenzy. You may probably recollect, about a twelvemonth ago, my obtaining leave of the earl of Leicester to visit England; I came, my friend, upon a fatal errand. I learnt, through the medium of an officious relation, that my wife, my beloved Matilda, had attached herself to a young man who had visited in the neighbourhood of my estate at C——n, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess, within a mile or two of this abbey, and that here likewise she continued to receive the attentions of the young stranger. Fired by representations such as these, I returned to England in disguise, and found the report of my relation the theme of common conversation in the country. It was on the evening of a fine summer's day, that I reached the hamlet of G——, and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart knocked at my door. The servant informed me that Matilda had walked toward the abbey. I immediately took the same route; the sun had set, and the gray tints of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repose; the moon however was rising, and in a short time silvered parts of the ruin and its neighbouring trees. I placed myself in the shadow of one of the buttresses, and had not waited long ere Matilda appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my soul at a spectacle like this; unhappily, revenge was, at the instant, the predominating emotion, and rushing forward with my sword, I called upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself: Matilda fell insensible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my sword had pierced the bosom of the stranger. With shrieks of agony and despair she sprang toward the murdered youth, and falling on his body, exclaimed, 'My brother, my dear, dear brother!'

'Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me, my astonishment and horror could not have been greater than

what I felt from these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground, an image of despair and guilt. Meantime the life blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebbed fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this event, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy, nor can I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial dereliction of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother;—this, through the attention of my friends, for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality, was for some time postponed; it came at length, however, through the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our rencounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend. Beneath that marble slab they rest; my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my dear sister stepped in like an angel between her brother and destruction. Such, my friend, is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to night.'

Edward was compelled, though reluctantly, to take leave of his friends, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. Time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford, who saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and with them passed the remainder of his days.

FINIS.









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